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MODERN POETRY AND MODERN SOCIETY

FOR some few years past England has been the theatre of a strange comedy—a "boom" in poetry. Poetry has been almost as fashionable as war-work, and perhaps the interest in it has been almost as external. Ladies with independent incomes and advanced drawing-rooms have competed for the condescension of poets not averse to reciting their own compositions. The poetical tea has run the *thé dansant* close in social estimation.

The immediate cause of this curious phenomenon is pretty well known. The publication of the anthology of "Georgian Poetry" a year before the war marks the beginning of a trajectory of which the downward curve has perhaps already begun. "Georgian Poetry" was cheap; it was fairly comprehensive. It gave the purchaser the right to claim at least a nodding acquaintance with a dozen poets whom he had not the energy or the inclination to unearth singly. Thus it became a sort of easy guide to polite conversation. You could choose one of the batch at random and maintain your choice against all comers. In a company of a dozen ladies each could manifest the individuality of her intellectual interests with a delightfully small expenditure of intellectual effort. To pursue our simile of a trajectory, the cannon-ball was well designed, after a pattern calculated to reduce friction to a minimum. If only it could be ejected with a fair amount of force from a considerable elevation, an unusual flight was assured. Happily, these other conditions were satisfied. The social elevation was considerable. It was, indeed, (for poetry) almost dizzy.

No wonder, then, that the flight seemed miraculous. Even without the tragic accident of Rupert Brooke's death at that phase in his experience of war when the intellect had not yet begun to rebel against the instinct's enthusiasm,—even without the glamour of this heroic sacrifice, the large course of the movement was already secure. But Brooke's death had incalculable conse-

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quences. Up to that moment the new popularity of poetry had only, as it were, a government backing. Brooke, becoming a national hero, covered with his mantle of stars all his poetical companions; they became participants in a national movement. The general public is not to be expected to distinguish between contemporary poets. At a liberal estimate the number of persons who can do that with a rough accuracy is at no time more than a few hundreds. The fact that the Georgians had as little in common as an average dozen jurymen did not detract from their homogeneity for the purposes of the social psyche. It was not this or that contemporary poet who had been assigned to the national Pantheon. Contemporary poetry itself had suffered apotheosis.

So it was that the interest in modern poetry taken by what is more narrowly called "society" was more than similar to its interest in war-work. The two interests insensibly merged into one another. The cult of poetry had a vague patriotic justification. To entertain a poet to tea was a slightly more exotic variation on entertaining a wounded soldier. The consequences of the coincidence were portentous. The production of poetry increased as the production of war-material. Publishers who had for years past

refused to touch a verse by an unknown writer suddenly discovered that their lists were commercially incomplete without four or five books of poetry. Anthology followed anthology. It is said with authority that the demand has for some months past been abating. If this is so, it would be of interest to determine more exactly the point at which the ebb began. The inexperienced observer would probably select the date of the armistice; the older hand, for reasons which he himself might find it hard to put on paper, would more likely choose Christmas, 1917, the date when Mr. Asquith's Government was displaced by that of Mr. Lloyd George.

It is, however, sufficient for our immediate purposes to establish that the boom has been, and that it is now on the decline. We have an excuse and an

opportunity for attempting to appraise the effects of this surprising conjuncture of social sentiment and poetical production. First of all, it must be steadily borne in mind that the conjuncture is surprising. One has continually to bear in mind the attitude of the educated public to the outburst of poetry a century ago to realize that the social attention to young poets which has now become a commonplace is a very odd phenomenon indeed. We believe that the first edition of five hundred copies of Keats's 1821 volume was not sold out until nearly thirty years after his death. Modern poets in their twenties, who even on a generous estimate are not quite of Keats's quality, have no difficulty in disposing of as many editions as there are years since they left their schools. The situation is singular enough to deserve more than a perfunctory examination.

If we regard the "boom" as already on the decline and consider first its effects, we are led to pronounce that the most obvious of these is that young poetry is *rangé*. It has been an establishment of its own. Before the "boom" took place, the Poet Laureate was our single poetical institution, about which were grouped one or two potential Poets Laureate. After the "boom" we observe a certain displacement in the heavens. "Georgian Poetry" is a new fixed star, nebular perhaps in structure, but with a cumulative brightness sufficient to outshine the old and familiar constellation. There is no reason to suppose that it will not be as regular in its annual orbit as any charted luminary. Round it revolve, with the laudable periodicity of true satellites, lesser anthologies, which hardly need to be enumerated. The whole, with its perturbations and aberrations, its wheels within wheels, has the characteristics of a system; and this system is now a familiar feature of the intellectual heavens.

From this the remote, dispassionate astronomer is led to a second observation: that the stability and brilliance of this new system mainly depend upon its nebular structure. It is based upon anthologies. They alone can have the necessary regularity; they alone (for reasons which we have already explained) can exert the necessary attraction, stars that nobody looks at being of course celestial nonentities. This anthological basis of the system has, however, an important consequence. An anthology demands, if not minor poets, minor poetry. An anthology that recreates itself annually demands the habit of minor poetry in its component minds. And even a poet who is potentially major cannot form the habit of minor poetry without running a grave risk of becoming a minor poet.

A further observation follows. The poets upon whom this inexorable anthological law is exercised are, by hypothesis, young poets. Yet precisely in youth is this habit of minor poetry most dangerous. Youth is the time for a poet to try every potentiality he has. He can only do this, as they say, by "stretching himself." Youth does not beat Milton by trying to write a better sonnet than "To Cyriack Skinner;" but youth, by trying to beat "Paradise Lost," may achieve not a fine, not a more beautiful, but a more important poem than "Lycidas." Or, at least, youth may gain an inkling of the way to such an

achievement. But by the self-chosen groove of minor poetry, youth, like a marble on a toy bagatelle board, rolls assuredly to nothing but a *trompe l'œil* perfection. That this is, in fact, its gentle destination is shown most forcibly by the visible and astonishing excellence of Mr. Hardy's later poems. Beside these, the gems of a Georgian anthology are manifestly paste. They have no substance. You feel that a brass pin applied to the back of them would be enough to destroy their glitter for ever. On Mr. Hardy's poems the keenest and most toughened knife blade would break.

Mr. Hardy is a man of indubitable genius. It is, we willingly admit, unfair to pit him against Georgian or post-Georgian. But that is not our intention. What is, or what should be, disquieting is that Mr. Hardy, whether perforce or by inclination, was during the greater part of his life only occasionally a poet. His years of plenty were devoted to the composition of the Wessex novels. The great and, in outward form, minor poetry of his later years is not the logical culmination of a lifetime devoted to the practice of minor poetry—if it were, it would be something very different—but the consequence of the habit of large design and stubborn accomplishment in the novel form. He has acquired the capacity of long breath and great effort. His lyrics display no facile or beautiful adaptation of content to form. The content is tremendous; it is, we feel, compelled into the form by a mind which has learned to make language obey its purposes. This is the constructive secret of real poetry. It can never be acquired by the practice of minor poetry; it is therefore profoundly rebellious to the constraint of the anthological law.

So we may conclude that the effects of the poetical "boom" upon poetry are likely to be unfortunate to the poets involved in it. We may also conclude that contemporary poets have their salvation in their own hands. They must break up the anthological system in which their comfortable revolutions are at present pursued. They must shoot off into the invisible unknown upon preposterous epic paths; there they may find at last an orbit of their own, and may display a brilliance which, though it may take years to be discovered, will certainly not be nebular. On the other hand, they may be dissipated into a pinch of stellar dust descending unnoticed through the atmosphere. That is the risk when you challenge immortality; but not to have taken it is to be for a poet a very clayey soul indeed. Finally, there is a possibility—remote and unlikely indeed, but still a possibility—that the poet of our day is already completely outside the anthological system, preoccupied, obscure, invisible through the telescope of the modern Mæcenas, which is perhaps, after all, not so very powerful.

MR. HUMPHREY MILFORD, of the Oxford University Press, expects to publish next month "Ruskin Centenary Addresses," edited by Mr. John Howard Whitehouse. The addresses are by Viscount Bryce, Professor J. W. Mackail, Mr. Henry Wilsdon (President of the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society), and Sir E. T. Cook and Mr. Alexander Wedderburn, K.C. (the editors of Ruskin's works). The volume will also include a communication by Sir Herbert Warren, President of Magdalen, and a paper by Mr. Whitehouse on "Ruskin as a Pioneer Force in Modern Life."

ST. ATHANASIUS

I.

THAT afternoon was one of comparative calm for the infant Church. She was three hundred and ten years old. The pagan persecutions had ceased, and the disputes about the Nature of Christ, over which blood was more freely to flow, had not yet matured. It still seemed that under her inspired guidance the old world would pass without disaster into the new. What lovely weather! The month was June, and the beacon of smoke that rose from the summit of the Pharos was inclined over Alexandria by a northerly wind. Both harbours were filled with ships; the Eastern Harbour was lined with palaces. The Western Harbour—and to it we must turn—was indeed less splendid. Then, as now, it washed the business quarter, the warehouses, the slums where the dock hands lived. Hardness and poverty edged it as they do to-day, and Christianity had settled here early, as she settled on all spots where the antique civilization had failed to make men dignified. Issuing out of the Gate of the Moon, the great Canopic Way here lost its straightness and split into ignoble lanes. There was only one redeeming feature—a house in which a real bishop was sitting. His name was Alexander. He has invited some clergymen to lunch, and they are late.

Bishops existed then in a profusion we can scarcely conceive. Every large village produced one, and they even went so far as to disorganize the postal service by galloping about in troops upon the government horses. But he of Alexandria was a bishop of no ordinary brand. He bore the title of "Patriarch of all the Preaching of St. Mark," and a prestige that only Rome challenged. If he lived in these slums, it was because historical associations detained him. The sainted shoemaker Annianus had plied his trade hard by. A church to the right—St. Theonas'—had been built by another local saint. Here were the origins of his power, but its field lay elsewhere—eastward among the splendours of the town; southward, hundreds of miles southward, up the valley of the Nile. The whole of Egypt was ripe for Christianity. A magnificent prize!

The waters of the harbour, placid and slightly stale, came almost up to his house. He gazed at them, and at the grubby beach where some little boys were playing. They were playing at going to church. They were poor, they had no toys, and, since railway trains did not exist, going to church was the only game they could command. Indeed, it is a fascinating game. Even Anglican nurseries have succumbed to it. Scantly robed, they processed and inclined, and the Bishop, being not Anglican, but African, only smiled. Boys will be boys! He was specially diverted by their leader, a skinny but sportive youth, who would take his flock for a swim and, diving, reappear when and where they least expected. Then more solemn thoughts returned.

The whole of Egypt was ripe for Christianity. Ah, but for what kind of Christianity? That was the trouble. Fancy if, with Arius, it adopted the heresy

of "Time was when He was not." Fancy if it paltered with Gnosticism, and believed that creation, with its palaces and slums, is the result of a muddle! Fancy if it Judaized with Meletius, the disobedient Bishop of Assiut! Alexander had written to Meletius, asking him to Judaize less, but had had no reply. That was the disadvantage of a copious episcopate. You could never be sure that all the bishops would do the same thing. And there were dreadful examples in which flighty laymen had lost their heads, and, exclaiming, "Me be bishop too!" had run away into the desert before any one could stop them. The Emperor Constantine (that lion-hearted warrior!) was a further anxiety. Constantine so easily got mixed. Immersed in his town-planning he might stamp some heresy as official and then the provinces would take it up. How difficult everything was! What was to be done? Perhaps the clergymen, when they arrived for lunch, would know. There used to be too little Christianity. Now there almost seemed too much. Alexander sighed, and looked over the harbour to the Temple of Neptune that stood on the promontory. He was growing old. Where was his successor?—someone who . . . not exactly saintliness and scholarship, but someone who would codify, would define?

Stop! Stop! Boys will be boys, but there are limits. They were playing at Baptism now, and the sportive youth was in the act of pouring some of the harbour water over two other Gippoos. To enter into the Bishop's alarm we must remember the difference between Northern and Southern conceptions of Impiety. To the Northerner Impiety is bad taste. To the Southerner it is Magic—the illicit and accurate performance of certain acts, and especially of sacramental acts. If the youth had made any mistake in his baptismal ritual it would not have mattered, it would have remained play. But he was performing accurately what he had no right to perform; he was saying, "Me be bishop too," and Heaven alone knew the theological consequences. "Stop! stop!" the genuine article cried. It was too late. The water fell, the trick was done . . . and at the same moment the clergymen arrived, offering such apologies for their unpunctuality as are usual among Egyptians.

It was long before lunch was served. The culprits were summoned, and in terrific conclave their conduct was discussed. There was some hope that the two converts were Christians already, in which case nothing would have been affected. But no. They had bowed the knee to Neptune hitherto. Then were they Christians now? Or were they horrid little demons who, outside or inside the Church, would harm her equally? The sportive youth prevailed. He won over the Bishop, and calmed the clergymen's fears, and before evening tell and the smoke on the Pharos turned to a column of fire, it was settled that he had by his play rendered two souls eligible for immortal bliss. And his action had a more immediate consequence: he never washed again. Taken into the Bishop's house, he became his pupil, his deacon, his coadjutor, his successor in the see, and finally a saint and a Doctor of the Church: he is St. Athanasius.

E. M. FORSTER.

(To be continued.)

WIND

Hail and sunshine and driving rain,
 Then sunshine and then hail again!
 The West wind blows all night, all day,
 Till it has blown my thoughts away.
 O restless wind, for a moment cease:
 Suffer me awhile to think in peace.
 Great is my need: for now, as I gaze
 Backward upon my years and days,
 Among them all not one do I find
 That was not shadowy, vain, and blind.
 All that my whole life long I had sought
 Seems to me now less worth than nought.
 Dead hopes, desires wasted,
 Pleasures vanishing once tasted!
 Knowledge have I loved and wooed,
 Yet little won, save doubt alone
 If there be knowledge to be known:
 Beauty in vain have I pursued
 From flower to flower, from mood to mood,
 Like a child chasing dragon-flies:
 Wisdom have I sought, yet am not wise.

Is there nothing then in all
 This flux of thought that I may call
 My own; no wisdom, beauty, faith;
 Nothing but foiled desire and death?
 Then, thou restless, homeless wind,
 Seeming to seek yet never find,
 From change to change pursuing still
 Some purpose thou canst ne'er fulfil,
 Be thou the symbol of my mind;
 And wearying of a like vain quest,
 Like thee may I too sink to rest.

R. C. TREVELYAN.

SERENITY

I ask no more for wonders: let me be
 At peace within my heart, my fever stilled
 By the calm circuit of the year fulfilled,
 Autumn to follow summer in the tree
 Of my new-ordered being. Silently
 My leaves shall on the unfretting earth be spilled,
 The pride be slowly scattered that did guild
 A windless triumph of serenity.
 Vex me no more with dreams; the tortured mind
 Hath turned and rent the dreamer. Foreordain
 My motions and my seasons solemn lead
 Each to his own perfection, whence declined
 Their measured sequence promise shall contain,
 And my late-opened husk let fall a seed.

JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY.

REVIEWS

SOME LEAGUE OF NATIONS
DIFFICULTIES

- THE IDEA OF PUBLIC RIGHT: BEING THE FIRST FOUR PRIZE
 ESSAYS IN EACH OF THE THREE DIVISIONS OF THE "NATION"
 ESSAY COMPETITION. With Introduction by H. H. Asquith.
 (Allen & Unwin. 8s. 6d. net.)
- THE HOPE OF THE WORLD: AN APPRECIATION OF THE LEAGUE OF
 NATIONS SCHEME. By Lieut. Trevor T. Berry. (King & Son.
 6s. net.)
- STATE MORALITY AND A LEAGUE OF NATIONS. By James Walker
 and M. D. Petre. (Fisher Unwin. 4s. 6d. net.)
- THE FOURTEENTH POINT: A STUDY OF THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.
 Prepared for the Garton Foundation by C. Ernest Fayle.
 (Murray. 5s. net.)

THESE four volumes provide an interesting illustration of the development of the League of Nations project. Six months ago most people regarded the League of Nations as a vague and somewhat visionary idea promulgated by President Wilson, who alone might be expected to know how to reduce it to concrete shape. Its very vagueness surrounded it with a glamour of romance attractive to the large crowd of persons who are content to sum up their political opinions in convenient formulæ. To-day the League of Nations has assumed practical shape in a legal document. The scene of its activities has already been chosen; its first Secretary-General has been duly appointed, and to-morrow the world will be able to study the manner in which he recruits the new World Civil Service. Geneva is no doubt much more prosaic than Cloud-land; nor can it vie with Constantinople, Jerusalem, Tangier, Strasburg and other cities put forward by this or that school of sentimentalists. But the city of Calvin and Rousseau is not ill-suited to the rigidly practical work which is being laid up by the Paris Conference for the Council and officials of the League during the critical years that lie ahead. Some of the problems which they will have to confront are indicated, though only in bare outline, in the volumes that lie before us.

Of these, Mr. Fayle's book is the most immediately useful, since it not only summarizes and discusses the most important issues raised by the League project, but also works out the positive suggestions made in treaty form. "The Idea of Public Right" and "The Hope of the World," on the other hand, are books that belong to the first stage of the League of Nations development. They are propagandist rather than practical, persuasive rather than critical. Lieut. Berry's book, although it suffers somewhat by having been written before the armistice, may be recommended as a clear and straightforward statement of the case for international co-operation as against the anarchy and competition of the period before the war. Its author modestly disclaims originality, and writes simply as a man in the street who wishes "to have his say" on a question "affecting the welfare of his children and his children's children." "The Idea of Public Right" is a collection of some of the prize essays contributed to the *Nation* essay competition on the League of Nations. Essays written to order are never very exhilarating to read, but the volume has a certain documentary value as a statement of what may be regarded as the platitudes of the subject in the first half of 1917 when the essays were written. The two best bits of work in the volume are the papers by Mr. Emile Burns and Mr. Hugh Bellot, both of which are worthy of being worked out in greater detail and republished in a more favourable setting. Mr. Bellot, who calls himself "a constitutional nationalist," gives a reasonable and businesslike account of the legal aspect of the idea of public right: into the deeper significance of the nationalist movement and its instinctive and emotional

reactions he does not attempt to enter, nor does he appear to be conscious of them. Mr. Emile Burns's contribution is chiefly interesting from his account of the economic side of international co-operation, in his brief discussion of which he anticipates the recent elaborate volume of Mr. Garvin. His essay is also useful in its criticism of the principle of nationality or self-determination, which he rightly describes as "merely a statement of means to an end . . . not an end in itself." The public memory for the development of events and ideas is so deceptive that we are apt to forget how recently the idea of self-determination emerged into the vocabulary of politics, and by what agency it was pushed to the front. It owes its vogue to persistent advocacy by the group of advanced propagandists associated with the Zimmerwald Conference of 1915, who forced it upon the Russian Provisional Government, and thus ensured its circulation amongst the uncritical public of the Western democracies. Those who set it in circulation were well aware that it bore within itself the seeds of anarchy and disintegration. Now that these have sprung up on all sides within and beyond the bounds of the Russian Empire, it is becoming increasingly clear that, to quote Mr. Burns, "the principle of nationality is . . . subservient to the ideal of public right, and must not be carried beyond the point where it safeguards and assists that pursuit of the freer and fuller life which public right demands."

Mr. Burns is here touching the fringe of a large subject to which Miss Petre devotes a stimulating and suggestive essay. Her contribution to the study of the League of Nations in the little volume before us goes deeper into the subject than any other recent discussion that has come to our notice. Brushing aside the shallow optimism that characterizes most of the advocates of the League, she poses the fundamental question as to whether the public opinion of the world is ripe, or is likely in our time to be ripe, for that unselfish co-operation between States on which the harmonious working of the League must depend. She is bold enough to call herself a follower of Machiavellism, which she justly defines as "the theory that politics have their own field of action, and that political morality is indeed a form of morality, but is not co-extensive nor co-profound with human morality." The League of Nations, in other words, presupposes not merely "a new set of living instincts and motives" in the public opinion of the nations composing it, but also a new code of professional etiquette, as it were, among the skilled practitioners of politics. It is quite easy, as we all know, for public opinion to give an enthusiastic assent, especially on Sundays, to abstract resolutions in favour of human brotherhood; but it is a very different thing to embody these in concrete proposals and covenants which impinge upon national vested interests or vested prejudices, such as British naval supremacy, the Monroe Doctrine, the "natural frontiers" of France or Italy, the "historic" limits of Poland, the legitimate "expansion" of Russia or Japan, the racial destiny of Australia, and similar battle-cries. The professional politician who took the Sunday resolutions literally and sought to embody them in executive action or treaty provisions would soon find himself excluded by his own fellow-citizens from participation in the League deliberations at Geneva. It is, therefore, only natural that politicians should tend to be as conservative as other exponents of a professional code, and that the last group of persons to be converted to the view that the State is a moral personality pledged to act according to the Golden Rule should be the circle of men responsible for governmental decisions. Moreover, as Miss Petre points out, even if statesmen openly professed their adhesion to Christian doctrine and attempted to carry it out, "yet even so, moral instincts are sufficiently complex and selfish instincts are sufficiently strong to allow of any nation believing itself

to be in the right against all the world. . . . In obedience to conscience," she shrewdly adds, "men have broken laws and defied Governments. In so far as a State has a conscience, a State will do the same." Here, indeed, is a penetrating blow at the very foundations of our new international system. The conscientious objector, the standing symbol of the disinterested moral outlook, is marshalled to reveal how unstable are the foundations on which the Geneva fabric is being built up.

Miss Petre's essay should be read and pondered by that large section of public opinion in Britain and America which too hastily assumes that because the Allies have accepted the Fourteen Points their peoples have been converted to the philosophy of international co-operation underlying the League of Nations Covenant. True, the Geneva experiment is worth trying. If our statesmen play fair, and if the first Secretary-General proves himself a wise as well as a good man, it will achieve something of what is hoped from it, and will save the political world from relapsing into the rut in which it was stuck in 1914. But let us not expect too much from professional politicians. The real hope for permanent progress lies in the wider and freer field of non-political enterprise and non-official international co-operation. This is, indeed, the moral of Miss Petre's essay. "Let us use our rulers and obey them," she concludes, "but not depend on them for the satisfaction of all our higher aspirations." The New Testament put it more pithily in the famous and searching phrase about man's duty to God and to Cæsar. Deeper than that neither politician nor critic can go. Geneva is not a New Jerusalem; it is merely an up-to-date Rome, and even if in the development of political institutions *civis Romanus sum* becomes in process of time the boast of every full-grown inhabitant of the modern world, Rome will fill but a small corner of that freer and fuller life which Mr. Burns, following Aristotle, holds out to us as the true goal of all political endeavour.

A. E. Z.

AGINCOURT

THE REIGN OF HENRY THE FIFTH: Vol. II, 1415, 1416. By James Hamilton Wylie, Litt.D. (Cambridge, University Press. 30s. net.)

THE late Dr. Wylie pursued his historical researches with the zest of an explorer. All facts with the remotest bearing upon his period, whether great or small—one might almost say, whether relevant or irrelevant—were equally grist to his mill. But if they were to serve his purpose, they must be facts with some approach to contemporary authority. In reviewing the battle of Agincourt he speaks with some scorn of "the striving after magnificent pictures" which has led so many modern historians astray; and his merciless exposure of the inconsistencies of their various descriptions is relieved by many touches of racy humour. "There is not," he says, "a single detail of the battle that does not get transformed or turned completely upside down, somehow or somewhere, except the fact that the French lost and the English won." Yet this severe seeker after truth has managed by his intense industry and by the accumulation of little details to depict with an accuracy almost photographic the distant times of Henry IV and Henry V. He is no mere Dryasdust, overwhelmed with the weight of his own learning. He is a born story-teller, with a keen eye for personal and local colour; he has an antiquary's interest in the minutiae of the remote past. Thus, while his narrative is not fused in the crucible of his own imagination, he appeals by his mere wealth of detail to the imaginative faculty in his readers. He infects them with the zeal of his own exploring spirit, though they may have little conception of the immense labour which his researches have cost him.

So well-equipped a guide over the enthralling half-century that preceded the advent of printing is at once rare and invaluable. The documentary material is ample for those who have time and experience to delve for it; yet it is out of the reach of all but a select few. When, therefore, the death of this ardent specialist was announced shortly before the publication of the first volume of this work, it was felt almost as a personal loss by students of his period; and the hope was generally expressed that among his papers would be found at least the story of the Agincourt campaign. Fortunately a portion of the second volume was in the press, and part of the proofs already corrected; but the remainder, as some repetitions prove, had not received his last touches. The preface by his literary executors rather implies that he regarded the volume as finished, subject to this necessary revision. Yet the visit of the Emperor Sigismund to England in 1416, and the coincident negotiations with France, are merely referred to, and not described; and another chapter on this subject (promised on p. 366) would have fitly closed the volume with the four months' truce with France in October, 1416. The two final chapters on John, Duke of Berry, and on the Court Rolls of Great Waltham, form no part of the main stream of events; they are bold digressions of a type which in most writers would be deemed irrelevant. Dr. Wylie was specially addicted to these excursions; but they contain such a mass of recondite information that no lover of mediæval lore would wish them away.

The whole volume of over 500 pages (with index) covers a period of barely twelve months, so that at this rate it would have taken four more volumes to complete the work. But those fateful months were big with consequences which were to affect English history for more than a generation. The siege and capture of Harfleur, which the French had pronounced impregnable, was a striking initial success. But the king was not satisfied with this result; and he resolved on a land march to Calais through a hostile country, with fewer than 6,000 effectives very imperfectly provisioned, and with no secure base behind him. In styling the plan "the most foolhardy and reckless adventure that ever an unreasoning pietist devised," Dr. Wylie compares the march, as others have done, to the Retreat of the Ten Thousand Greeks. The French were in immensely superior force when the lists were set at Agincourt on October 25, 1415; and that Henry thought his chances small is proved by the fact that he offered to give up his conquests if he were assured a free passage. The numbers of the French have been variously stated; but our historian decides that they were at least 60,000 and that they had artillery, while the English had none. He makes short work of Professor Delbrück's attempt to prove that Henry's troops could not have gained their triumph unless they had outnumbered their opponents. We are familiar with this German method, in which, if the theory conflicts with an ascertained fact, it is the latter, not the former, which has to give way. The victory was due, as at Poitiers, to the superiority of the English archers over the French men-at-arms, who came on in masses, with no room to deploy, and whose repulse caused hopeless disorder in the succeeding ranks. The French, too, had archers, but they

were badly placed owing to lack of room, their aim was hurried, and with their mechanism of cumbrous stirrups, crankins, clinches, gaffles, ratcets and winders, their vires and quarrels were from the first wholly outclassed, and they were driven out of range by the swift and unerring skill of the English archer, who shot never arrow amiss.

This mode of adopting the obsolete language of his authorities—often (as here) left unexplained in the notes—is characteristic of Dr. Wylie; it is quaint, but provoking, for he forgets that his terms are "caviare to the general."

But if he is open to the charge of using archaisms, his judgment, when applied to political or moral questions, is always practical, and usually sound. He will probably be blamed for his half-hearted defence of what he himself calls "the hideous massacre" of the prisoners. He justly points out that their number was double that of the whole English force, and that a simultaneous attack by fresh troops in front and by plunderers in the rear had placed the weary band in a critical position. Nevertheless, the order, which came from Henry himself, is a blot upon his fair fame; and the discrimination between the humbler and the more exalted prisoners, owing to the greater value of the latter's ransom, wears a rather mercenary aspect.

The famous battle is naturally the outstanding incident of the volume; but other subjects, as the London pageant for the returning victors, the naval battle of the Seine (August 15, 1416), and the condition of the fighting navy at the time, are treated with a complete mastery of detail to be found in no other writer. Dr. Wylie employs a good narrative style, lacking in rhythm and ornament, but expressing his exact meaning in forcible, if sometimes archaic language. Some readers may be repelled by the voluminous notes; but these are a necessary part of his method, which involved a thorough sifting of all authorities, original and modern. Students, however, will regret the absence of a full bibliography; for he makes his references in the briefest form, and only those familiar with the sources quoted can estimate their comparative value. In one chapter, indeed, he does balance the merits of the contemporary accounts of Agincourt; and he sheds much new light upon the chief eyewitness of the whole campaign. This is the anonymous "Chaplain" to the king, who wrote his "*Gesta Henrici Quinti*" probably within two years of the event, and whom Dr. Wylie confidently identifies with Thomas Elmham, Prior of St. Augustine's, Canterbury. The "Life" of Henry, which has hitherto been ascribed to this writer, is now proved to be by a later hand.

We cannot bid farewell to this modern "master" of mediæval research without expressing a hope that at least a portion of his work may some day be issued in an abridged popular edition. The task of the editor would be severe; a large proportion of the notes would have to be sacrificed, and much of the text would be scarcely intelligible without them. Perhaps the author himself would have disclaimed any desire for such posthumous recognition. But the history of a distant age may be made attractive not merely by the inculcation of broad, general views, but also by the microscopic study of a single short period; and American universities have been known to make the records of a single English parish a text-book for mediæval study. If this method should find imitators, the patient investigator of the first seventeen years of the House of Lancaster may one day reap his reward.

E. H. R. T.

MR. MURRAY will publish "*Travels in Egypt and Mesopotamia in Search of Antiquities*," by E. A. Wallis Budge, Litt.D., Keeper of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities in the British Museum, in which the author tells for the first time the story of his mission to Egypt, the Great Oasis and Mesopotamia, and describes the results of his excavations at Acevân and Nineveh, and Dêr in Babylonia, and gives a full account of the excavations in Assyria and Babylonia from 1782 to 1913.

A NEW edition, (the fourth) of the late Charles Sorley's "*Marlborough, and other Poems*," will be published immediately by the Cambridge University Press. In preparing this edition (which is intended to be definitive) the editor has made use of information received since the first publication of the book. The order in which the poems are arranged has been revised, and a few pages of notes are added, in which some topical allusions are explained, and what is known of the origin of the separate pieces is told.

THE ANATOMY OF FICTION

MATERIALS AND METHODS OF FICTION. By Clayton Hamilton. With an Introduction by Brander Matthews. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. net.)

SOMETIMES at country fairs you may have seen a professor on a platform exhorting the peasants to come up and buy his wonder-working pills. Whatever their disease, whether of body or mind, he has a name for it and a cure; and if they hang back in doubt he whips out a diagram and points with a stick at different parts of the human anatomy, and gabbles so quickly such long Latin words that first one shyly stumbles forward and then another, and takes his bolus and carries it away and unwraps it secretly and swallows it in hope. "The young aspirant to the art of fiction who knows himself to be an incipient realist," Mr. Hamilton vociferates from his platform, and the incipient realists advance and receive—for the professor is generous—five pills together with nine suggestions for home treatment. In other words they are given five "review questions" to answer, and are advised to read nine books or parts of books. "1. Define the difference between realism and romance. 2. What are the advantages and disadvantages of the realistic method? 3. What are the advantages and disadvantages of the romantic method?"—that is the kind of thing they work out at home, and with such success that a "revised and enlarged edition" of the book has been issued on the tenth anniversary of the first publication. In America, evidently, Mr. Hamilton is considered a very good professor, and has no doubt a bundle of testimonials to the miraculous nature of his cures. But let us consider: Mr. Hamilton is not a professor; we are not credulous ploughboys; and fiction is not a disease.

In England we have been in the habit of saying that fiction is an art. We are not taught to write novels; dissuasion is our most usual incentive; and though perhaps the critics have "deduced and formulated the general principles of the art of fiction," they have done their work as a good housemaid does hers; they have tidied up after the party is over. Criticism seldom or never applies to the problems of the present moment. On the other hand, any good novelist, whether he be dead or alive, has something to say about them, though it is said very indirectly, differently to different people, and differently at different stages of the same person's development. Thus, if anything is essential, it is essential to do your reading with your own eyes. But, to tell the truth, Mr. Hamilton has sickened us of the didactic style. Nothing appears to be essential save perhaps an elementary knowledge of the A.B.C., and it is pleasant to remember that Henry James, when he took to dictation, dispensed even with that. Still, if you have a natural taste for books it is probable that after reading "Emma," to take an instance, some reflections upon the art of Jane Austen may occur to you—how exquisitely one incident relieves another; how definitely, by not saying something, she says it; how surprising, therefore, her expressive phrases when they come. Between the sentences, apart from the story, a little shape of some kind builds itself up. But learning from books is a capricious business at best, and the teaching so vague and changeable that in the end, far from calling books either "romantic" or "realistic," you will be more inclined to think them, as you think people, very mixed, very distinct, very unlike one another. But this would never do for Mr. Hamilton. According to him every work of art can be taken to pieces, and those pieces can be named and numbered, divided and subdivided, and given their order of precedence, like

the internal organs of a frog. Thus we learn how to put them together again—that is, according to Mr. Hamilton, we learn how to write. There is the complication, the major knot, and the explication; the inductive and the deductive methods; the kinetic and the static; the direct and the indirect with subdivisions of the same; connotation, annotation, personal equation, and denotation; logical sequence and chronological succession—all parts of the frog and all capable of further dissection. Take the case of "emphasis" alone. There are eleven kinds of emphasis. Emphasis by terminal position, by initial position, by pause, by direct proportion, by inverse proportion, by iteration, by antithesis, by surprise, by suspense—are you tired already? But consider the Americans. They have written one story eleven times over, with a different kind of emphasis in each. Indeed, Mr. Hamilton's book teaches us a great deal about the Americans.

Still, as Mr. Hamilton uneasily perceives now and then, you may dissect your frog, but you cannot make it hop; there is, unfortunately, such a thing as life. Directions for imparting life to fiction are given, such as to "train yourself rigorously never to be bored," and to cultivate "a lively curiosity and a ready sympathy." But it is evident that Mr. Hamilton does not like life, and, with such a tidy museum as his, who can blame him? He has found life very troublesome, and, if you come to consider it, rather unnecessary; for, after all, there are books. But Mr. Hamilton's views on life are so illuminating that they must be given in his own words:

Perhaps in the actual world we should never bother to converse with illiterate provincial people; and yet we do not feel it a waste of time and energy to meet them in the pages of "Middlemarch." For my own part, I have always, in actual life, avoided meeting the sort of people that appear in Thackeray's "Vanity Fair"; and yet I find it not only interesting but profitable to associate with them through the entire extent of a rather lengthy novel.

"Illiterate provincial people"—"interesting but profitable"—"waste of time and energy"—now after much wandering and painful toil we are on the right track at last. For long it seemed that nothing could reward the American people for having written eleven themes upon the eleven kinds of emphasis. But now we perceive dimly that there is something to be gained by the daily flagellation of the exhausted brain. It is not a title; it has nothing to do with pleasure or with literature; but it appears that Mr. Hamilton and his industrious band see far off upon the horizon a circle of superior enlightenment to which, if only they can keep on reading long enough, they may attain. Every book demolished is a milestone passed. Books in foreign languages count twice over. And a book like this is of the nature of a dissertation to be sent up to the supreme examiner, who may be, for anything we know, the ghost of Matthew Arnold. Will Mr. Hamilton be admitted? Can they have the heart to reject anyone so ardent, so dusty, so worthy, so out of breath? Alas! look at his quotations; consider his comments upon them:

"The murmuring of innumerable bees." . . . The word innumerable, which denotes to the intellect merely "incapable of being numbered," is, in this connection, made to suggest to the senses the murmuring of bees.

The credulous ploughboy could have told him more than that. It is not necessary to quote what he says about "magic casements" and the "iniquity of oblivion." Is there not, upon page 208, a definition of style?

No; Mr. Hamilton will never be admitted; he and his disciples must toil for ever in the desert sand, and the circle of illumination will, we fear, grow fainter and further upon their horizon. It is curious to find, after writing the above sentence, how little one is ashamed of being, where literature is concerned, an unmitigated snob.

V. W.

ZIONISM.

HISTORY OF ZIONISM, 1600—1918. Vol. I. By Nahum Sokolow. (Longmans. 21s. net.)

THOUGH there are whole libraries on ancient Jewish history, there is singularly little on modern Jewish history. That little has been produced for the most part under the shadow of what is called *Juedische Wissenschaft* (Jewish science). "Jewish science" was an invention of mid-nineteenth-century Germany, when German Jewry, in the pursuit of political rights, was departing from the old Jewish paths. Its inventors hoped to find a substitute in Jewish antiquarianism for the Jewish commonwealth which had been shattered by the storm of the French Revolution and the Napoleonic wars. *Juedische Wissenschaft* had two characteristics: it treated Judaism and the Jewish people as though they were dead, almost inorganic matter; and it was always on the defensive towards the Gentile. The historical work it produced, though often very learned, tended to be denationalized and apologetic. During the last generation the need has been felt for re-writing and re-interpreting modern Jewish history from the standpoint of the living Jewish nation. So far this new movement, as indeed the old movement also, has found little expression in English; but the "History of Zionism," of which Mr. Sokolow has now published the first volume, should mark a turning-point in the writing in English of modern Jewish history.

A more competent inaugurator than Mr. Sokolow could not be found. He is at once scholar, thinker, skilled craftsman in words, and man of affairs. He is deeply read, and possibly more deeply read than any other living man, in all Jewish literatures; he has dug deep in the records of more than one great Jewish community; he is the doyen of Hebrew journalists, and writes with almost equal facility in half a dozen tongues; he has been in the forefront of the Zionist movement since its reconstitution by Dr. Herzl, and for some years now he has been a member of the supreme Governing Body of the Zionist Organization; and during the years of war he has been one of the chief conductors of Zionist diplomacy and statecraft. No man, therefore, has a better grasp of the meaning and purpose of Zionism or a greater familiarity with its records.

In this, the first volume of a work which is to contain three volumes, Mr. Sokolow does not touch upon the years of war, the time of the severest strain and of the most signal triumph of the Jewish national cause. Here his aim is to show three things: first, the quality of Jewish nationalism; second, the roots of Jewish nationalism in the past and its unbroken continuity; third, the historical association of British sentiment and British policy with the idea of a Jewish Palestine. To take this last point first, Mr. Sokolow shows how the political genealogy runs straight from Cromwell to Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Balfour. It was Cromwell and the Puritans who brought the Jews back to England after some three and a half centuries of expulsion. The emotions and the convictions which governed them were partly humanitarian and partly religious. They wished to do justice to the people of the Book, and they believed that the restoration of the Jewish people to the Jewish land was an indispensable element in the divine economy. Throughout the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, right on to the nineteenth, there was a continuous literature of English appeal for and speculation about the Jewish return to Palestine. In the forties of the nineteenth century the religious and humanitarian argument was fortified by political considerations. Napoleon had opened the eyes of thoughtful Englishmen to the possibility of establishing a European Empire of the East, and to the necessity of making a Jewish Palestine one of the foundations of such an empire. Napoleon had failed, but did not manifest

destiny beckon England to succeed where he had failed?

Napoleon, as Mr. Sidebotham has shown in his illuminating and ingenious work "England and Palestine," was following in the footsteps of Alexander and Cæsar, both of whom conceived of a Jewish Palestine as a bulwark of their Eastern dominion. It was slow work, however, persuading the Foreign Office, which clung desperately to the dogma of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire long after it had undermined its hold upon Constantinople by backing the cause of the Balkan peoples and by occupying Egypt. Nothing less than the Turkish intervention in the war could shake this settled habit of mind; and even in the secret treaties of 1916, though Turkey is abandoned, the Jewish people is not recognized.

The final conversion of British policy is due to three English statesmen: Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Balfour and the late Sir Mark Sykes. Sir Mark Sykes's original contribution to British ideas was the substitution for the Ottoman Empire of the triple friendship of the liberated and revived Jewish, Arab and Armenian nations. Mr. Balfour, who has talked with everybody of note and busied himself with every idea of interest, reached his understanding of Jewish nationalism, as readers may gather from the introduction he writes to this volume, after satisfying himself of the sterility of anti-Semitism and of the vanity of Jewish assimilation and renunciation. It was Mr. Lloyd George who in fair weather and foul remained true to the Eastern cause, and so made possible a Jewish Palestine under British auspices. If the idea of a British mandate for a Jewish Palestine has found general acceptance, that is chiefly because it expresses the will of the Jewish people.

Mr. Sokolow shows how the Jewish nation is inseparable in thought from the Jewish religion; how the passion for a return to Palestine shapes all Hebrew prayer and Hebrew literature; how the conviction that, as the rabbis put it, "God will once again bring the People He loves to the Land He loves," sustained the Jewish spirit through bitter centuries; how the stream of Jewish pilgrims has never ceased to flow to Palestine; and how with every glimmering of hope the Jewish people has sought to plant itself once again upon its national soil. Denationalized Judaism, with the legend that the Jews are a sect, not a people, was born in the nineteenth century in Germany, where it was bred partly of a religious outlook which is non-Jewish, and partly of an ignoble calculation. It was transferred to a small body of wealthy English Jews a generation ago. It was unknown to the best English Jews who won emancipation—Sir Moses Montefiore, the noblest product of Anglo-Jewry, was an ardent Zionist—and to-day the number of its adherents is withering away. Beyond a peradventure, Zionism has behind it the weight of the overwhelming majority of Jews throughout the world.

What does Zionism seek to give to Judaism? The Jews have an ethos and a *Weltanschauung* of their own. They know that in the lands of exile the Jewish genius is clipped and deprived of authentic creative faculty. They are determined to recover for themselves the freedom to labour and to build, as their prophets and sages before them did, according to the true nature of the Jewish spirit. They know that such freedom can be theirs only in the land in which the Jewish genius has its roots, and in which it is no alien—Palestine. In Jewish nationalism there is neither Chauvinism nor intolerance nor bluster. There is no dream of great political power, and no ambition for material triumphs. Zionism is concerned for the return of the Jewish national spirit to its home under such conditions as will guarantee its freedom. Jewish people know that given this they can prove, in the words of the rabbis, "that Israel is not a widower," and that they will take a worthy part in the common task of civilization.

H. S.

MR. WEBB'S GIFFORD LECTURES

GOD AND PERSONALITY: BEING THE GIFFORD LECTURES DELIVERED IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ABERDEEN IN THE YEARS 1918 AND 1919. First Course. By Clement C. J. Webb, Fellow of St. Mary Magdalen College, Oxford. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d. net.)

PHILOSOPHY has owed much of late years to the Gifford Foundation, and Mr. Webb's course has produced a fine and characteristic specimen of the best type of modern Oxford philosophy. Even certain minor mannerisms—such as the continually repeated quotation "in whom we live and move and have our being"—might assign it to this type, but much more its substantial merits. It is perhaps now, and in books like this, that the great tradition which may be said to have begun with Green and been handed on to Caird, and continued, with a difference, by Mr. Bradley and Mr. Bosanquet, bears its not least valuable fruit. This special character of modern Oxford philosophy may be first noticeably found in R. L. Nettleship, and again in the late Professor Cook Wilson, to whose memory this book is dedicated.

Mr. Webb cites a critic of his lectures who quoted the famous lines beginning "Myself when young did eagerly frequent," and admits that he never thought it possible for a philosophical theory of religious experience to be other than "about it and about." Here his self-criticism is just, would modestly allow it to proceed further. His method is not dogmatic; unlike some of those early idealists, he is *Nullius in verba* *magistri*. He winds about his subject and about, but ultimately into the very heart of it, when a more resounding attack would have glanced upon its surface. And this is especially true of the more historical discussions, such as those in Lectures II. and III. of the development of the notion of personality in general and as applied to God. No ambitious definition is attempted, but, as a result of the sympathetic investigation into what people have really thought and of the patient analysis of what we ourselves really mean, we are lifted quite clear of the dusty region of controversy into that careful comprehension of seemingly discrepant dogmas which is the offspring of a happy marriage between philosophy and history. We come to see how the orthodox formulas are the result of a constant effort to describe a relationship within the supreme reality, which is neither the mere subsumption of individuals under a universal, nor yet such an opposition of ultimately distinct beings as would result in pluralism.

The personality which Mr. Webb would ascribe to God, as well as finding it (in the persons of the Trinity) within God, is simply a character with which it is possible to enter into personal relations of dependence, alienation, reconciliation and love; beyond this "religion is not concerned with the nature of the divine self-consciousness." "To suppose that, on the attainment of any level of insight, we have seen all there is to see, this is surely to commit the sin of Idolatry." And he notes how, by an ambiguity in the term, while the Olympian deities might seem more personal from their very aloofness and transcendence, the mystery gods of Greece entered into a more personal relation by immanence in their worshippers.

On behalf of such personal feelings and relations Mr. Webb argues that it is just their profound value which makes their sacrifice to the universal ideal of duty so supremely valuable, and that morality or reason, when set in sharp opposition to all that is personal, assumes a strange resemblance to what we call mechanism. "The language in which the philosophers who deny personality to the Absolute find themselves driven to speak of it is permeated by the suggestion of that which they explicitly deny," and "unites by a merely verbal device characteristics which

cannot really be thought together, while secretly cancelling the inconsistency by indulgence in an emotional attitude which presupposes a quite different, indeed a personal, object."

The effect upon the simple Christian of the Trinitarian doctrine as stated in the Athanasian Creed is compared to that upon the plain man of the physical theories of matter: it is a mysterious but credible enlargement upon his experience. The effect of Mr. Bosanquet's theory of the impersonal Absolute is compared to that of Berkeley's idealism: it is a paradox utterly subversive of his experience. The conclusion is that in religion, on the one hand, what we come into relation with is nothing less than the supreme reality, and, on the other, the relation into which we come is not less than a personal one.

Unlike so many modern English philosophers, Mr. Webb has an admirably pure and simple vocabulary. It is the more to be regretted that his syntax is often obscure and even inaccurate, suffering, for instance, from an involution of relative clauses which careful revision might surely remove.

SUCCESS AND FAILURE IN VERSE

DRAMATIC VISTAS. By William Gerard. (Elkin Mathews. 3s. 6d. net.)

SONNETS OF OLD THINGS. By Norman Roe. (Liverpool: "Daily Post" Printers. 3s. 6d. net.)

SONGS OF THE YOUNGER BORN. By Brenda Shreeve Bartlett. (Erskine Macdonald. 3s. 6d. net.)

SONGS OF THE PRAIRIE AND THE C.E.F. By Lieut. Stanley Harrison. (Erskine Macdonald. 3s. 6d. net.)

IT is to be remarked that every poet slips into his lines a phrase or sentence in which his own style, mind or character is unwarily exposed. Thus Mr. William Gerard, whose revealing inadvertence appears in:

Calm flows the measured cadence of your words
In cold abstraction.

That, in the last of his "vistas," is addressed by Helen to Achilles in Elysium, but Mr. Gerard might have addressed it as aptly to himself. He chooses old tales, for:

Old tales are lovely, like that queen of old
Seen fair and perfect in her sable chest,
But crumbling as she touched the modern air.

Under that sudden chemic action his characters thin away into invisibility. Dramatic they certainly are not, yet it is clear that he has seen them "fair and perfect"—Francesca, Sappho, Guinevere, Helen and Catherine of Siena. But dialogue does not of itself confer animation upon the dust, or make the undramatic dramatic. Guinevere argues with Lancelot, Francesca with Paolo, but the argument betrays no inward spiritual action. Paolo, Lancelot and the rest remain mere debating interlocutors, and the dialogue exists only for the feminine eloquence of those whom it would be absurd to call the principal "figures," but who at any rate are the most voluble speakers. Yet Mr. Gerard has gifts. He speaks easily in blank verse, and in its difficulties finds no difficulty; he can describe in a line or two:

There he stands,
His ferret eyes on mine, says not a word,
Nor seems to move, but fades obsequious,
Leaving a chill behind —

but much more frequently in a page or two. In his poems there is too much poetry. That is to say, he neglects no opportunity to be poetic, but achieves little more than a cloud of words and Shakespearean phrases, upon which his pictures flicker with faint film-like uncertainty. Sentence rises upon sentence, adding number without

weight. As St. Augustine was in love with love, so Mr. Gerard is in love with Poetry. But he has not found her in the "old tales," and has only proved that, for him, she is not there. In all these vistas, indeed, there is but vagueness, and the author has not succeeded in presenting either the personality of others dramatically, or his own personality indirectly. It would be a pleasure to see him using his gifts in a fresh start and speaking with his own voice.

Less ambitious, but more substantial in achievement, is the volume of Mr. Norman Roe. There are twenty-four sonnets, the best of them excellent in directness and simplicity. His "old things" are a Baxter print, a circus, a box of bricks, and so on. He looks in his heart and writes of remembered joys:

But when the clouds are leaden and the lees
Of yesternight taste bitter to my tongue,
Those simple flowers recall the days they hung
Above my cot—a sense of cool green trees
And shimmering air, a droning of the bees,
A distant bell, and songs the thrush has sung.

He is not always unembarrassed by the sonnet form, but, after resorting to such a phrase as "terms of troy" for a fourth rhyme, he can begin his sestet with:

Then when the owl puts out with muffled wing
And eerie shadows move, and ancient boards
Creak at the burden of no living thing. . . .

His failure with other forms is a failure with other subjects than these domesticities; the desire to write poetry takes him when the instinct is capriciously asleep; but when he is responding to what is hidden yet active in his own mind, to memories and affections, he writes satisfying poetry. And that is because he is sufficiently far from his youth to look back at it candidly and not too solemnly.

Miss Bartlett and Lieut. Stanley Harrison are less lucky. A "compiler's note" tells us that Miss Bartlett is but twenty-one, and, relying upon internal evidence, it may be assumed that Lieut. Harrison also is youthful. Miss Bartlett's youthfulness is apparent in her monotonous unreality, her emphatic assertions and no less emphatic lamentations. There is no mysterious virtue in youth when the prime evidence of youth is vociferous immaturity, and it is a small kindness to collect these hastily-contrived, unmeditative verses. The compiler's generous claims on behalf of Miss Bartlett shall not provoke counter-prediction; we will only say that it is unfortunate to print the claims side by side with the poems:

And Guinevere, the peerless, reckless queen,
When the mad end came, sought the convent-shade,
And prayed to God on high to give to her
Forgetfulness of splendid guilty joy.

Lieut. Harrison is not monotonously unreal, but it is astonishing that a soldier who has fought in the war, and whose pages are sprinkled with too-familiar names, should be able to write:

When I see the warm harvest of man-flesh
Lie quivering, bleeding, then still.

"Flame-split" darkness, "bomb-torn" trench and the easy like, are common. He takes the readiest epithet, and sweeps it gaily into his hurrying verse; yet certain pieces show that it would be wrong to call him insensitive. But he is hasty, and not all his vigour and brightness can disguise the immaturity of his effortless efforts. Unlike Miss Bartlett, he is not overcharged with moral seriousness. But of that other seriousness which we demand in poetry, the seriousness of purpose and temper, neither author shows a trace. Lacking it, no writer can become a true scholar in this simple and difficult art. These two books are so easy, so uncostly, so unpromising, *because* they are the work of young hands, and because there is little sign in either of any healthy dissatisfaction with the irreflective achievement.

J. F.

A BELATED ESSAYIST

PEOPLE AND THINGS. By H. J. Massingham. (Headley. 6s. net.)

THERE are some people to whom truth is the more certainly true for having been formulated in a phrase or a name, for being illustrated by an ancient example. They will cut short your reasoning with a word—Pelagianism, Pomponazzi, Boehmen—and smile with the triumph of having clinched the argument and arrived at the truth. To-day they are not much listened to; they are apt merely to irritate by their parade of formulas and authorities. In a happier age, three hundred years ago, they would have gone truth-hunting in the Bodleian with Burton, to issue forth again, after laborious years, all spangled with gaudy names and quotations, the admiration of their fellows.

Mr. Massingham is one of these people, a minor seventeenth-century worthy who has had the ill-luck to be born too late. If he had lived at the right time, he would be known now to a few curious scholars; his verses would be reprinted in Mr. Saintsbury's "Caroline Poets" along with those of Chalkhill and Shakerley Marmion; his prose works would be sought for by collectors for the sake of their unfamiliar quotations, their sometimes amusingly florid style, and the occasional whimsicality of their argument. Unfortunately, Mr. Massingham belongs not to the past, but to the present. He is dealing with the problems of the world as it is to-day, but his methods are those of another century. His book is consequently a hybrid birth, possessing as many of the faults as of the merits proper to either parent. Quotations are hurled at us from every page—quotations from the great and from the obscure, relevant and irrelevant. We are forced to admire the copiousness and catholicity of Mr. Massingham's commonplace-books, but the frequency of the inverted commas ends by antagonizing. An argument about reconstruction is made no more cogent by a citation from Pliny or Hakluyt.

And then there is Mr. Massingham's style. It is rich, over-rich in allusions, metaphors, swelling phrases; but its native seventeenth-century purity has been somewhat tainted by an infusion of entirely modern journalese. In a sentence like the following the spirit of the twentieth-century press seems to have entered into the corpse of Fuller or Hackett:—

Reason, doubt, even scepticism, therefore, are not the scissors which can cut the alimentary canal between the vested interest and the mass mind, and so wither them both.

The moral of this book is plain. A modern man, writing on modern themes, cannot do so in an ancient manner. His education sets a gulf between him and the past; and as the literary style of each age is the natural fruit of its habit of mind, any attempt, by one whose mind is necessarily different, to reproduce that style must end in an unfortunate appearance of affectation.

Much of what Mr. Massingham says, in his rather involved way, is very sensible, if not very original. He is a disciple of Morris, and sees in a modified and less intransigent "arty-craftiness" the cure for our industry-poisoned civilization. The press, the modern State, commercialism, war—he discusses and condemns them all. He has an amusing way of galloping little private hobby-horses across his general arguments: he hates the slaughterers of wild birds, and birds begin to sing in the most unexpected places; he regards Mr. Charles Marriott as the greatest modern novelist, and Mr. Marriott appears even oftener than the birds. Perhaps, if he gave full rein to his hobby-horses and did not attempt to deal with general topics at all, Mr. Massingham might write an entertaining and original book.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL MIXTURE

LOOSE ENDS. By Arnold Lunn. (Hutchinson. 6s. 9d. net.)

attempting to make a novel out of his ideas on public school education, Mr. Lunn has set himself a peculiarly difficult task. This is, chiefly, because he knows his subject so well from the point of view of the boy as well as that of the master, and his sympathies are so nicely divided between them that he is unsatisfied if he does not convey both. He succeeds, but his success breaks his book into halves, and we cannot quite see how it can fail to have the same effect upon his public.

Who but little boys could take a lively interest in the play and the chatter of little men of thirteen upwards, could exult in the way they routed old Slimy—

Phillips looked Slimy up and down. He gazed at his hair, his face and his feet.

"Slimy dear," he said with deliberate and cold-blooded contempt, "you smell. Your feet stink. We don't want you. Get out, and leave the door open behind you to air the room."

—could burn with indignation at the rotten shame it was that old Tom didn't get his colours and Burton did, could relish to the full the exquisite joke of bringing the Museum baboon into the class-room of the short-sighted master, or could squeeze the last drop of enjoyment from:

Jack's cricket was meteoric. He was a fast but indifferent bowler, a brilliant but not very reliable bat. The local yeoman who watched the school matches from behind the palings greeted his boundaries with full-throated enthusiasm, and his "ducks" with noisy grief. No member of the school side could score so rapidly as Jack when he was in form, and none were more subjected to periodic runs of bad luck.

But the roaring conversations, debates and sets-to-between "unconventional" masters, whose pipes are always going out and who have a way of signifying their pleasure or displeasure by "inarticulate noises," would leave the juvenile reader dreadfully cold. And the vague, sad fears of gentle, thoughtful Mother Helen that her boy is hers no longer—not wholly hers (can she win him back by taking a house on the river for his summer "hols" and reading Swinburne to him in the punt?)—would leave him, if possible, colder still.

We are put to it to imagine whom these situations would warm and vivify, especially the former one—the young schoolmaster, rampant, in the old traditional school. What original fire it had has kindled many torches of late; it would need a powerful breath to blow the flame clear and shining again. Beautiful, gentle Helen, mother of the hero, in spite of the fact that she reads Mr. Masfield and has her very own opinion of Dickens and Mr. Arnold Bennett, is never more than a shadow. Were the light to fall upon her one instant, she would be gone.

The book opens with a discourse by the author upon "that most obstinately English of English families—the Chattel Leighs. It is typical of the family that they have never hyphenated their double name and never dropped the Chattel." Conscientious, hard-headed, reserved and discreet, they are chosen for the hero's ancestors on the paternal side. Philip Chattel Leigh, father of Maurice, is indeed an astonishing reproduction of a Royal Academy portrait of an English gentleman. He is complete even to the little scene in the consulting room of the "eminent specialist," where he receives his sentence of death.

"I think the end will be sudden, perhaps almost painless."

Philip pulled out his notebook. "I'll jot down a note or two," he said calmly, "it's as well to make no mistake. Possibly two years, six months probably. Let's see, what about smoking?"

"Yes, smoke by all means in moderation."

Philip rose briskly. "Well, Sir Horace, thank you for your sympathy. I know your time is valuable. The trees are coming out nicely, aren't they?"

His wife, daughter of a bookish father, "led a life of restrained happiness and entertained his friends with that tranquil serenity that was her most distinctive charm." But she kept "the intangible life of books" away from

her husband, and when he returned from his work she "listened patiently but with intelligence."

They have two sons. Tom, the elder, is his father over again, but Maurice is cast in another mould.

He clung to his mother, appealed to her for sympathy, thought aloud when he was with her, and gave to Helen that unique joy that belongs to those who know they have the power of shaping and moulding a human soul.

Her "unique joy" is short-lived. At eight years of age he goes off to a "Priver"; at thirteen he joins Tom at Hornborough and becomes a public school man. What is the effect of the Public School system upon a boy who "worships at the shrine of physical fitness," and yet has "discovered that poetry not only unlocks new aspects of beauty, but that it serves as a key to those forgotten chambers of the soul where beauty once perceived . . . slumbers till the magic numbers waken her to life once more"? For the purposes of his experiment, Mr. Lunn selects two friends for him—Jack Spence, who stands for the life of the body and whose batting thrills him to the bone, and Quirk, the revolutionary schoolmaster, who makes Shakespeare live again and leads Maurice from Kipling to Conrad, higher still and higher.

We cannot see that it has any effect upon him at all. The Chattel Leigh in him makes him moderately good at games, and enthusiastic enough over "footer pots"; his mother's literary tastes keep him from narrow-mindedness or from being feverishly interested in knowing what a concubine is. In fact, he comes out by the same door as in he went, with Jack still his friend, Quirk his master, and his mother waiting, hoping still.

Is Mr. Lunn administering a powder? But if the powder is to be disguised, surely it is not too much to ask that the jam should be really good jam—none of your familiar mixtures from a dreary pot, but some exquisite preserve of the author's—black cherry, Frimley peach, sharp, sweet quince.

The dose is large; jam *quâ* jam, alas! excites us no longer. We cannot help feeling that Mr. Lunn expects of us an innocence of appetite which is very rare. K. M.

THE USURPATION OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM

THE scandal of the abuse of the British Museum by the vandal authorities apparently continues. We associate ourselves whole-heartedly with the protest made against this intolerable usurpation by Sir Arthur Evans, who prefaced his anniversary address to the Society of Antiquaries (reported in our last issue) with the following words:

"Though it was found impossible in the face of the general condemnation of the proposal to make the British Museum the headquarters of a combatant department, other departments of a civilian character were installed within its walls, and whole galleries dismantled and broken up, to the undoing of the work of generations, for their reception. A promise was given to the Trustees that two months after the conclusion of the war these intrusive bodies should be removed. In many cases, both in the British Museum and in other public galleries, after six months' interval of peace, they are still in bureaucratic occupation. Protests in Parliament insistently put forward by our recently elected fellow, Lord Harcourt, have elicited no satisfactory assurance of a time being set on this usurpation. As to the present condition of affairs I may relate an experience of my own only a few days since. Having urgent need for the purpose of Cretan researches to refer to certain objects in two different sections of the Museum, some in the early Greek and others in the Egyptian Department, I found them in an almost unrecognizable condition, their cases empty and concealed by shelves laden with piles of business documents, while on each side of the central gangway were rows of improvised shanties, run up with matchboarding and resembling nothing so much as a street of some mushroom settlement in the Wild West! The inhabitants as far as I could see were mainly of the half-fledged female species."

REVIEWS IN BRIEF.

"SIR GAWAYNE" is one of the most beautiful poems in our earlier literature. To the ordinary lover of poetry it remains unknown, because unreadable. The nameless author of that remarkable group of pieces, of which "Sir Gawayne" and the exquisite "Pearl" are the best, wrote in a language which is obscure even to the scholar. The combination of the older alliterative principles of versification with a most complicated rhyme system, while it gives to these poems a peculiar beauty and richness, is the main cause of their obscurity. The demands of his doubly complicated form pressed so heavily upon the poet that he was compelled not merely to distort words from their ordinary sense, but even to coin new forms for the sake of the rhyme and alliteration; so that for anyone who has not time, patience and expert knowledge "Pearl" and "Sir Gawayne" must remain closed books, known at best in translation. Mr. Kenneth Hare offers us in *SIR GAWAYNE AND THE GREEN KNIGHT* (Shakespeare Head Press, Stratford-upon-Avon, 3s. 6d. net) an excellent version of the latter poem. He makes no attempt to reproduce the form of the original or to render the sense exactly. (A more literal version is to be found in Miss Weston's "Romance, Vision and Satire.") Translating freely and using the Spenserian stanza as his vehicle, Mr. Hare has sought rather to catch and hold the peculiarly romantic spirit of the earlier poem. In great measure he has succeeded; the soul of Sir Gawayne is still alive in his new body. Mr. Hare's versification is always skilful and melodious, and at times rises to something that is poetry or very near it. He has done well in avoiding a too deliberately archaic diction such as Morris used in his of "Beowulf." Mr. Hare suits a Spenserian diction to his stanza.

This is no place to speak of the admirable qualities of the original poem—the beauty of the story, the skill with which it is told, the sumptuous versification. Who was this nameless poet from whose pen have come the finest chivalrous romance and the most beautiful elegiac poem of the English Middle Ages? We shall probably never know. But the poems can be known. We should be grateful to Mr. Hare for facilitating the process.

Is it with intent to deceive us, or out of longing to gild the meagre present, or is it merely for the malicious pleasure of crying, as they set the bones and broken bread before us, how good the feast was—how rich and delicious that fare—that so many writers, in describing a beloved country or city, adopt the elegiac tone? Or this or that place is ruined. There is an electric tram now where there was only a mule-track, and a German hotel where the native market used to be.

This is very tantalizing, the more so because our sober self cautions us that the author is probably quite right. Paris is gone; the tram, the steamer, the hotel—all, all are there. But the romantic part of us sets up a dismal wail. Is there no place left we can read about and fly to find more marvellous than ever? It would be delightful to believe the London of five years ago, mourned for so entertainingly by Mr. Thomas Burke, would return now the war is over. Although he describes his book, *OUT AND ABOUT* (Allen & Unwin, 5s. net), as an attempt "to catch the external war-time atmosphere of some of the old haunts," that is not all his concern. Indeed, he almost confesses there really is nothing to describe. And so he holds up, for the chagrin of drab to-day, her gay intriguing gown of yesterday. Only five years ago she looked so fine, dressed so gaily, had so rare a choice of strange, amusing pleasures! Mr. Burke's London is no fashionable madam, neither is she fastidious or discreet,

but she has great personality. She is a "character" whom one longs to have known half as well as he knew her in those palmy days before 1914.

The dark and the light side of London life are alike known to him. He passes from one to the other with that strange equality of interest so characteristic of his fellow-citizens; he loafs from one to the other, idle, familiar, with a happy gift for reproducing the essential strangeness of each. You feel as you read his easy prose that he has been doing this sort of thing all his life—indeed, he confesses to going, at the altitude of three-foot six, into the "Dog and Duck" every Saturday night for his weekly heart-quake, and how, even then, he would catalogue the shop smells in his mind. But the charm of Saturday shopping is gone; you can no longer eat a superb dinner of eight courses in Greek Street for one and sixpence; Chinatown is a fake for the silly rich; there are no more beanfeasts, and then the coffee-stall man meets "a Cockney . . . like yesself I feel like dropping down dead—'s trewth I do." London is fallen—fallen! But while these astonishing characters exist with whom Mr. Burke talks over the sad change in her, one cannot but feel there is a likely hope of her recovery.

ADVENTURES are for the adventurous, funny experiences for those with a sense of humour, and luck in full measure for everyone of a cheerful disposition. In *A WAYFARER'S LOG* (Murray, 10s. 6d. net) Mr. A. Alexander shows that he has all three of these desirable qualities in abundance, and has met with a triple reward. His parents took him as a puny child to John Hulley, "the famous gymnasiarch and great Liverpool health apostle," into whose shoes the young Alexander was eventually to step and whose Olympic fame his own was to eclipse. Hulley bestowed great perseverance on a case that was superficially so unpromising, and in a remarkably short space of time turned out an athlete who possessed the extraordinary ability to win a race or turn a double somersault as well as wrestle and fight, and to slice an apple in two equal parts on a watch-glass or a lady's neck as well as to carry half a pantechon-load of apparatus on his person from Euston to Waterloo without turning a hair.

Accompanying a gentleman with such formidable accomplishments up his sleeve, we feel, like the juvenile reader of "Valentine Vox," that we are secretly armed against any emergency. Mr. Alexander had a short way with officious policemen or objectionable fellow-passengers on the railway, which is not to say that he was ever anything but extremely well-behaved unless duly provoked. An amiable apology was always tendered and amiably accepted when, for instance, he found he had chucked out the wrong red-haired man at a rowdy meeting in Dublin, and on the following night, when he fought a sanguinary combat with a stalwart person coming in without a ticket, who turned out to be the speaker for the evening.

An enthusiastic pioneer of physical culture, Mr. Alexander has, throughout his life, come into close contact with a great many of the leading celebrities of the time, and has got on particularly well with men like Lord Randolph Churchill and Lord Charles Beresford, who felt a natural fellowship with his bluff heartiness and imperturbable courage. Better, however, than any of these characters we like an acquaintance of long standing who seems to be not yet a celebrity, in spite of his determination to get into Parliament. This is the Hibernian Russian Sullivanski, who astounds even the author with his feats as a strong man, until he lets out the secret that the champions who come forward from the audience are really his confederates, and who appears on the scene later as an itinerant philanthropist, making a living out of benevolent old ladies.

Science ON RELATIVE MOTION

THE Space and Time with which science is concerned are not intuitive conceptions. They are the result of a process of refinement and abstraction from observed phenomena. They serve essentially as a frame of reference with respect to which natural phenomena are measured, such phenomena, for instance, as the motions of moving bodies, and the frame of reference adopted is such that the laws governing observed phenomena, when measured against it, shall have their simplest expression. The space and time adopted in the ordinary Newtonian dynamics, for instance, lead to the well-known simple expressions for the laws of motion. The space and time chosen in this method of description are so entirely natural that an effort is required to think of any other. To say that the dimensions of a body do not change when it moves is so obvious an assumption that it is difficult to see that it is an assumption and that a quite different assumption might be adopted. When, however, the laws of dynamics are constructed on the basis of the natural notions of space and time it is found that a certain ambiguity is not avoided. The laws of dynamics, in fact, are not altered if we suppose every body in the universe to be given an arbitrary uniform velocity. If we imagine that two sets of axes with respect to which we measure spatial relations have a uniform motion of translation with respect to one another, then the laws of dynamics remain the same, whichever set of axes we adopt. Thus, so far as the ordinary laws of motion are concerned, we have no way of measuring the absolute velocity of our frame of reference. We are not here dealing with any metaphysical doctrines about space; we are merely asserting that the mathematical equations of ordinary dynamics have a certain property; they are unaltered whether we assume that spatial relations are referred to axes at rest or to axes in uniform motion. The notion of time adopted in this way of describing motion is disentangled from the complex of phenomena of motion. Newton said that "absolute time flows uniformly on," but it is difficult to attach a meaning to this statement. The notion of "uniform" is really defined by the laws of motion; we know of no *a priori* standard of the equality of two elements of duration. Instead of saying that the laws of dynamics hold good in systems in uniform motion, we might say that systems in uniform motion are those with respect to which the laws of motion hold good. So far as dynamics is concerned, then, and the sciences built entirely on the same assumptions, we cannot hope to discover absolute position in space. Rest and a state of uniform motion cannot be distinguished from one another.

With the rise of the theory of the æther, however, it seemed that a criterion for distinguishing absolute motion was provided. The æther was regarded as a stationary medium filling all space. It would seem that suitable experiments should detect the motion of the earth with reference to this medium. Some time before 1818 Arago devised such an experiment. Rays of light coming from stars in different directions could not all have the same velocity relative to the earth. Now the index of refraction of a piece of glass is the ratio of the velocity of the incident light to the velocity of the refracted light. If the velocity of light in the glass prism remains the same, as seems natural, then the deviation of the ray of light should be greater when the prism is moving towards the ray than when it is moving away from the ray. But on making the experiment Arago found no difference whatever. It will be noticed that his assumption that light travels through the prism at the same relative rate whether or not the prism is at rest assumes that the prism communicates to

the light its own velocity. Fresnel pointed out to Arago that if, instead of making this assumption, one assumes that the prism communicates to the ray, not the whole of its velocity, but only a certain fraction of it, then the failure of the experiment is explained. Later experiments have confirmed Fresnel's guess. It is very interesting to notice, however, that we have here a hypothesis that matter is so modified by its motion through the æther as just to neutralize an effect which it was thought would otherwise arise. It is interesting, because other and later experiments, of very different kinds, have also failed to detect any motion of the earth relative to the æther, and another *ad hoc* hypothesis has had to be invented to account for the results. It would seem that there is what has been called a "strange conspiracy of the forces of Nature" which prevents our ever detecting motion relative to the æther.

The most famous failure is that of the Michelson-Morley experiment of 1887, repeated by Morley and D. B. Miller in 1905. In this experiment a beam of light is sent along two arms at right angles to one another and reflected from the ends. If we assume that one of the arms is in the direction of the earth's velocity relative to the æther, whereas the other is at right angles to it, then (assuming the arms to be of equal lengths) the times taken for the two double journeys should be unequal. This should lead to a result which could easily be detected. No difference was found. When the apparatus is rotated so that the arms change places we still get a null result. FitzGerald suggested that if the æther can percolate through matter, it may affect the apparatus and change its dimensions when it is rotated. He suggested, in fact, that the arm lying in the direction of motion is contracted in a certain ratio, and that when the apparatus is rotated the arm that was previously at right angles to the motion now becomes the contracted arm. Lorentz made the same suggestion independently and gave some plausible reasons to show why a contraction of exactly this amount might be expected. The explanation, to be satisfactory, must apply to all matter, for in the first experiment the whole apparatus was mounted on a sandstone block floating in mercury, while in the repetition the distance between the mirrors was intentionally maintained by wooden rods. The same contraction must therefore take place in two such different materials as sandstone and pinewood. The effect is such that at a speed of 161,000 miles a second the contraction is one-half. A six-foot rod placed in the direction of motion would contract to three feet. Since the change is universal, however, we should never notice it. This hypothesis may appear bizarre, but it appears to be an unavoidable consequence of the failure to detect our motion relative to the æther. We shall see that if we start by assuming that it is impossible by any conceivable experiment to detect uniform motion through the æther, then, amongst other things, the FitzGerald-Lorentz contraction can be deduced. S.

SPADEWORK IN GENETICS

THE JOURNAL OF GENETICS. Vol. VIII, no. 2, April. (Cambridge, University Press, 12s. net.)

THE *Journal of Genetics* is by now the established organ of an established scientific school. To its foundation we owe in large measure the existence of such a school, and the increased output of work which a school involves. On the other hand, much of this output inevitably becomes the application of known principles, criticism of details, spadework. The opening-up of new roads, new views, new country, becomes rarer. This number of the *Journal* is a case in point. All of the contributions are of value; none of them stir the imagination deeply. All save one are mapping rather than exploration.

The solid paper by O. Winge of Copenhagen falls into quite separate halves. One is an investigation of an important question of fact—the number of chromosomes in the sweet pea. In both of the species chosen the reduced number is found to be 7. This, as the author points out, is of interest, as the presence of a low chromosome-number makes it possible to investigate the relation of this number to the number of linkage-groups among heritable characters. So far, so good. The rest of the paper, however—a theoretical discussion of the relation between chromosome-number and separately-inheritable groups of characters, and the bearing of this relation on the chromosome theory of heredity—is neither exhaustive nor clear. The author does not appear to have grasped the principle of linkage at all. He seems to be under the impression that linkage is always total, instead of a mere limitation, and not at all a suppression, of the independence of segregation. Furthermore, he fails to distinguish properly the ordinary differences between non-allelomorphic characters from those due to multiple allelomorphicism. His reasoning therefore is altogether inadequate. It has long been clear, from the work of Morgan's Laboratory, that the chromosome theory of heredity would fall to the ground if the number of linkage-groups exceeded the number of chromosomes in a given species.

The most interesting paper is that by Professor Bateson. In it he assembles and discusses some remarkable facts concerning variegation in plants. For some time past Professor Bateson has been becoming more and more intent on evidences of somatic segregation in plants, which, if clearly proved, would widen our conceptions of segregation in general, since in animals it is confined to the reduction division. We must again sharply divide the facts from the theories. The facts are themselves new and interesting. It is well known that plants may differ in their outer and inner layers: you may get a loss of green colouring matter either in the skin or in the central core of leaves and other organs of a plant. The interesting corollary of this is that, since the general cells of a flowering plant always arise from the sub-epidermal layer of the skin, a green-skinned plant must give rise to wholly green offspring, and vice versa.

Professor Bateson now shows, first that a green core may break through a white skin, forming patches completely green, and secondly that a total reversal of the colours of skin and core may take place in a shoot or cutting of a given plant. As he justly points out, there may be other, invisible characters also reversed in such a process, and thus carried from the infertile core to the germ-stream in the sub-epidermal layer. Thus are strange possibilities of genetic behaviour discounted by this *Keimbahn* action. He adduces, however, no conclusive evidence to show that the phenomena of variegation and its reversal are due to somatic segregation. They may equally well be effects of cytoplasmic or chromosomal bud-sports. Proofs of heterozygosis must first be given before segregation can be accepted.

Detailed mapping, this; but so the work proceeds. The facts roll in, the old theories are tested and broadened, opinions aired, new hypotheses put forward. It is difficult to remember that Mendel's work was rediscovered less than twenty years ago. At this rate, it would not be too sanguine to hope that in a century practical Eugenics will be not much more dangerous than practical Aviation.

SOCIETIES

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—May 8.—Mr. W. Minet, Treasurer, in the chair.—Mr. Ralph Griffin read a paper on a Darell monument in Little Chart Church, Kent.

The family of Darell of Calehill was founded by John Darell, a younger son of the Sessay family, who came into Kent and established himself at Calehill in Little Chart, which manor he bought about 1410. He advanced his fortune by marrying first the heiress of Valentine Barret of Preston by Faversham, and after her death a niece of Archbishop Chicheley, who settled Scotney on his niece. John Darell was steward to the Archbishop, and, dying in 1438, was buried in the St. Catherine chancel at Little Chart, which, as also the tower of the church, was probably built by him. Of his son William, who succeeded at Calehill, little is known. He died in 1471, and was followed by a second John, who was attainted by Richard III., and was attached as squire of the body to Henry VII. He was knighted in 1497, and, dying in 1509, was buried next his grandfather at Little Chart, where is an alabaster effigy of him. It is on a base which is probably not the original one, and an inscription to his memory had been placed on the wall over the effigy at a later date, as it contains some inaccurate statements.

There are two helmets on perches in the chancel, both of interest, and one of very great interest. A careful note about them was furnished by Major Victor Farquharson, and was read at the end of Mr. Griffin's paper. In this Major Farquharson pointed out that one of the helmets was made up of two pieces of real armour, the front being a heaume of English manufacture of the fifteenth century, while the back part was an English bascinet, with neck-piece reaching to the shoulders, such as was introduced after the camail was given up. The other helmet was an ordinary piece of undertaker's furniture.

The Assistant Secretary presented a report upon the collection of seals belonging to the Society.

ZOOLOGICAL.—April 29.—Professor Ernest W. MacBride, Vice-President, in the chair.

Mr. T. Gerrard exhibited, and drew attention to some special points of interest in, a series of heads of waterbuck (*Kobus*) collected by Dr. Digby.—Dr. W. T. Calman exhibited, and gave a detailed account of, various marine boring animals, drawing attention to the economic importance of the scientific investigation of such forms of marine animals in relation to the serious damage caused by them to the timbers of wooden ships and to piers, and to the masonry of breakwaters and similar constructions.

The Secretary read a communication, illustrated by lantern-slides, from Mr. Geo. Jennison, on "A Chimpanzee in the Open Air in England," drawing attention to the fact that the animal had lived in a healthy and vigorous condition for a period of some eight years in the private grounds of its owner, Dr. John K. Butter, of Cannock, Staffordshire.

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- FRI., 16. Royal Institution, 5.30.—"Sub-Antarctic Whales and Whaling," Dr. S. F. Harmer.
- SAT., 17. Royal Institution, 3.—"Caesar's Personal Character as seen in his Commentaries," Dr. J. Wells.
- MON., 19. Geographical, 5.—"The Uses of Geology in War," Capt. W. B. R. King.
- TUES., 20. Royal Institution, 3.—"British Ethnology: The People of Ireland," Lecture IV., Professor A. Keith. Dr. Williams's Library, 5.30.—"The Analysis of Mind: III., Memory," Hon. Bertrand Russell. Guild of Education, 11, Tavistock Square, W.C.1, 6.30.—"Suggestions for the Advancement of Sociology," Mr. A. Farquharson.
- WED., 21. Society of Arts, 4.30.—"The Principles of Japanese Design," Sir F. Taylor Piggett. Meteorological, 5. Geological, 5.30.—
- THURS., 22. Royal Institution, 3.—"Intensive Cultivation," Lecture II., Professor F. Keeble. Institution of Electrical Engineers, 6.—"Electrical Phenomena occurring in High Atmospheric Levels," Dr. S. Chapman. Society of Antiquaries, 8.30.—"On the Origin of London," Mr. W. R. Lethaby.
- FRI., 23. Royal Institution, 5.30.—"Hubert Hastings Parry: his Work and Place among British Composers," Sir A. C. Mackenzie.

Fine Arts

CÉZANNE

PAUL CÉZANNE. Par Ambroise Vollard. (Paris : Crès. 4fr. 75.)

IT was the opinion of Degas that "le peintre en général est bête," and most people seem to think that Cézanne was no exception to the rule. Before agreeing, I should want to know what precisely they understood by the word "bête." Cézanne was certainly silly, but he was not stupid; he was limited and absurd, but not dull; his opinions for the most part were conventional, but his intelligence was not common; and his character was as obviously that of a man of genius as the most ardent hero-worshipper could desire.

Cézanne was a great character. It is a mistake to suppose that great characters are always agreeable ones. Few people, I imagine, found Cézanne agreeable; yet painters, one would suppose, were eager to meet him that they might hear what he had to say about painting. Cézanne's ideas on painting are not like ideas at all: they are like sensations; they have the force of sensations. They seem to give the sense of what was in his mind by a method more direct than the ordinary intellectual one. His meaning reaches us, not in a series of pellets, but in a block. These sayings of his remind one oddly of his art; and some of his comments on life are hardly less forcible and to the point. This, for instance, provoked by Zola's "L'Œuvre," is something more than a professional opinion:—

On ne peut pas exiger d'un homme qui ne sait pas, qu'il dise des choses raisonnables sur l'art de peindre; mais, N. de D.—et Cézanne se mit à taper comme un sourd sur sa table—comment peut-il oser dire qu'un peintre se tue parce qu'il a fait un mauvais tableau? Quand un tableau n'est pas réalisé, on le f . . . au feu, et on en recommence un autre!

Réalisé—Cézanne's incessant complaint that "he was unable to realize" has been taken by many stupid people to imply that Cézanne was conscious in himself of some peculiar and slightly humiliating inhibition from which his fellows were free; and even M. Vollard has thought it necessary to be continually apologizing for and explaining away the phrase, which, moreover, he never does explain. Yet the explanation is as simple as can be. Genius of the very highest order never, probably, succeeds in completely realizing its conceptions, because its conceptions are unrealizable. When Cézanne envied M. Bouguereau his power of realization he was perfectly sincere and perfectly sensible. A Bouguereau can realize completely the little nasty things that are in his mind: if a Cézanne, a Shakespeare or an Æschylus could realize as completely all that was in his, the human race would think more of itself than it does. Cézanne's consciousness of the impossibility of realizing completely his conceptions—his consciousness, rather, that he had not completely realized them—made him regard all his pictures as unfinished. Some day, he thought—or liked to believe—he would push them a little further. His habit of destroying his own works, however, had nothing to do with any sense of failure or incapacity. It was simply a manifestation of rage and a means of appeasement. Some people like cups and saucers: Cézanne preferred oil-paintings, and his own were always to hand. A word of commendation for "les professeurs" ("qui n'ont rien dans le ven . . . n . . . tr . . . re—les salauds—les châtres—les j . . . f . . . s.") or the least denigration of Chardin or Delacroix was sure to cost a still-life or a water-colour at any rate.

It is surprising that M. Vollard should not have made this more clear, for he certainly understood the genius and character of Cézanne. His book is an amazingly vivid presentment of both; and to have made such a book out

of the life of a man whose whole life went into the art of painting is a remarkable feat. For Cézanne poured all his prodigious energy and genius into a funnel that ended in the point of his brush. He was a painter if ever there was one, and he was nothing else; he had no notion of being anything else. There is enough in Paris, one would have supposed, to attract from himself for a moment the attention of the most preoccupied and self-absorbed of men. When Cézanne lived in Paris he rose early, painted as long as there was light to paint by, and went to bed immediately after dinner. The time during which he was not painting he seems to have spent in wondering whether the light would be satisfactory ("gris clair") next day. Cézanne in Paris, like the peasant in the country, spent most of his spare time thinking about the weather.

Comme il se couchait de très bonne heure, il lui arrivait de s'éveiller au milieu de la nuit. Hanté par son idée fixe, il ouvrait la fenêtre. Une fois rassuré avant de regagner son lit, il allait, une bougie à la main, revoir l'étude qui était en train. Si l'impression était bonne, il réveillait sa femme pour lui faire partager sa satisfaction. Et pour la dédommager de ce dérangement, il l'invitait à faire une partie de dames.

All of Cézanne went into his painting, only now and then a drop escaped that voracious funnel and splashed on to life. It is by collecting and arranging these odd drops and splashes that M. Vollard has managed to construct his lively picture of this extraordinary character. It is because his task must have been so abominably exacting—the task of catching the artist outside his work—that we easily forgive him a few lapses from good sense when he is not talking about his hero. It is annoying, nevertheless, to hear quite so much of the stupid and insensitive people who attacked and insulted Cézanne. M. Vollard never tires of telling us about those who hid their Cézannes or threw them out of window, or sold them for next to nothing and would now give their eyes to get them back; of those who jeered at Cézanne and would not hang his pictures at exhibitions, refusing him that public recognition he was human enough to covet—in a word, of the now discomfited and penitent majority. I had thoughts once of printing a selection from the press-cuttings that reached us at the Grafton Galleries during the first Post-Impressionist exhibition. It would have revealed our leading critics and experts, our professors and directors, our connoisseurs, our more cultivated dealers and our most popular painters vying with each other in heaping abuse and ridicule on the heads of Cézanne, Gauguin and Van Gogh. The project is abandoned. That sort of thing I perceive becomes a bore. And I only wish M. Vollard had perceived it when he was writing about Zola. Zola failed to appreciate Cézanne, of course. Zola was an ordinary middle-class man: he was vain, vulgar, petty; he longed for the consideration of people like himself, and was therefore ostentatious; he had a passion for money and notoriety; he wanted to be thought not only clever but good; he preached, he deprecated, he took a moral standpoint and judged by results; and his taste was execrable. We meet people of Zola's sort every day in third-class railway carriages and first, on the tops of omnibuses and in Chelsea drawing-rooms, at the music-hall, at the opera, at classical concerts, and in Bond Street galleries. We take them for granted and are perfectly civil to them. So why, because he happened to have an astonishing gift of statement and rapid generalization, should Zola be treated as though he were a monster? Though Diggle, the billiard-champion, care little or nothing for poetry, he may have an excellent heart, as well as a hand far surpassing in dexterity that of our most accomplished portrait-painters. No one dreams of reviling him.

Let us be equally just to Zola; let us notice, too, how amusingly he sets off Cézanne. Both were greatly gifted men: neither was the man of intelligence and talent, the brilliant man with the discursive intellect, who carries his

gift about with him, takes it out when and where he pleases, and applies it where and how he likes. Zola, when he was not using his gift, posed as an artist, a saint, or simply "a great man"; but he never contrived to be anything but a bourgeois—a "sale bourgeois," according to Cézanne. Cézanne was all gift: seen as anything but a painter, he looked like a fool. At Aix he tried to pass for a respectable *rentier*: he found no difficulty in being silly, but he could not achieve the necessary commonplaceness. He could not be vulgar. He was always an artist.

Instead of telling us so much about Zola and *tutti quanti* M. Vollard might have told us more about Cézanne's artistic development. What, for instance, is the history of his relations with impressionism? The matter is to me far from clear. Cézanne began his artistic life amongst the impressionists, he was reckoned a disciple of Pissarro; yet it is plain from his early work that he never swallowed much of the doctrine. Gradually he came to think that the impressionists were on the wrong tack, that their work was flimsy and their theory misleading, that they failed "to realize." He dreamed of combining their delicate vision, their exquisite *sensation*, with a more positive and elaborate statement. He wanted to make of impressionism "quelque chose de solide et de durable comme l'art des Musées." He succeeded. But at what moment did his dissent become acute, and to what extent was he aware from the first of its existence? Towards the end of his life he took to scolding the impressionists, but one fancies that he was never very willing that anyone else should abuse them. "Regardez," said he, to a young painter who had caught him coming out of church one stormy Sunday morning, as he pointed to a puddle touched by a sudden ray of sunlight, "Comment voulez-vous rendre cela? Il faut se méfier, je vous le dis, des impressionnistes! . . . Tout de même, ils voient juste!"

The critical moment in Cézanne's life—if in such a life one moment may without impertinence be thought more critical than another—must have come somewhere about 1870. M. Vollard once asked him what he did during the war: "Ecoutez un peu, monsieur Vollard! Pendant la guerre, j'ai beaucoup travaillé sur le motif à l'Estaque." M. Vollard is too good a patriot to add that during the war he also went into hiding, having been called up for military service. Cézanne, I am sorry to say, was an *insoumis*—a deserter. He seems to have supposed that he had something more important to do than to get himself killed for his country. It was not only in art that Cézanne gave proof of a surprisingly sure sense of values. Some fulsome journalist, wishing to flatter the old man, after he had become famous, represented him hugging a tree, and, with tears in his eyes, crying: "Comme je voudrais, celui-là, le transporter sur ma toile!" For a moment Cézanne contemplated the picture in terrified amazement, then exclaimed: "Dites, monsieur Vollard, c'est effrayant, la vie!" Useless to blame the particular imbecile: it was the world in which such things were possible that filled him with dismay. I stretch my hand towards a copy of the *Burlington Magazine* and come plumb on the following by the present Director of the Tate Gallery:

The truth is that the ecstasy of art and good actions are closely interrelated, the one leading to the other in endless succession or possibly even progression.

"Dites, monsieur Vollard, c'est effrayant, la vie!"

CLIVE BELL.

What is thought to be a portrait by Franz Hals was sold at Sotheby's last week for £12,000 to Dr. Constantine Brown, acting for a prominent London art dealer. The picture is 37in. by 29in., and represents a young man in broad-brimmed hat, flat linen collar on a dark blue coat, holding a glove in the left hand. It was described as a self-portrait by Nicholas Berghem, which was obviously inaccurate. It is hoped that in cleaning a signature may be revealed. A period—1644-6—has already been assigned to it.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY

II.

TO our mind there can be only one explanation for the large swollen canvases which crowd the walls of the Royal Academy—the desire for advertisement. The artists fear to be overlooked: they do not trust their intrinsic qualities sufficiently to speak for them. Because they are banal they must shout; one thinks of the braying churches in Mr. Wells's story "The Sleeper Wakes." It is, of course, legitimate for the artist to endeavour to make himself known if possible; some artists have been notable experts in the pursuit, and we are not without young men of considerable talent to-day. But as soon as an artist begins to deflect his painting into the task of advertising, otherwise than by its quality, then he has surely ceased to have anything to advertise. He at once leaves the bench of artists and joins the patent doctors, mustard manufacturers and other brethren of the hoardings. This stricture applies to every large painting in the Academy bar one—Mr. Walter Bayes's "Pulvis et Umbra," however much it may earn like or dislike, praise or contumely, is a large picture, conceived as such. Its complex of motifs needs this expanse for a proper elaboration, and thus stands in contrast with such pictures as "The Building of the Great Keep of Bristol Castle" by Mr. Frederick G. Swaish or the religious picture by the same artist, "The Supper at Emmaus." Both these paintings would have been pleasant drawing-room pictures if they had been small; their size only underlines a certain emptiness of intention, while the realism of the religious picture with its life-sized figures turns cheap inoffensive sentiment into vulgarity. "Pulvis et Umbra" has two contrasting motifs, the straight diagonals of sunlight and of shadow, and a curved elliptical design of figures and houses concentrating upon the strugglers in the sunlit patch on the lower left-hand corner. These two motifs cross and recross, each modifying the other as do musical phrases. This effect is one in which Mr. Bayes is most happy, and the quality of this picture recalls one of the "Cinema Theatre" which he exhibited some while ago at the Leicester Galleries. Yet though "Pulvis et Umbra" is in many ways a fine achievement, it seems not altogether satisfactory. Mr. Bayes has invented a kind of formula for his painting; he uses a colour scale, so that he plays at will in the key of blue, of green, of orange or of any other colour, as a musician chooses his key, but by some curious freak Mr. Bayes has arranged his sequences so that each has the effect of a minor. This gives one the feeling that one looks at his pictures through tinted spectacles: it also suggests that haunting effect of incompleteness which the minor key possesses. The minor key does not suit this decoration. It is essentially a subject for the major—the hot sun, the wrestlers, the whole vivid life of this high-tinted courtyard is assuredly life lived in no minor key. Despite the sun, in Mr. Bayes's picture it strikes chill, there is a lack of warmth and passion. In fact, Mr. Bayes has lost in his colour the aesthetic paraphrase of his subject. But this is hyper-criticism. In this Academy of professional sentiment "Pulvis et Umbra" is by so much more deeply intense, so much more planned, so much more intended, that it should pass unchallenged.

Mr. Gerald Moira has also but partially won success with his canvas "On Dartmoor." Mr. Moira has caught the freshness, the out-of-dooriness; the brilliance of his painting makes every other picture in this room (save two small sketches by Miss Dorothea Sharp) seem black, but his composition is not so happy. This is a long-shaped picture crushed into an upright. One is continually bumping one's elbows against the frame; line after line drags one across the canvas, flings one against the gold beading, then leaves one to re-commence a similar journey to the other edge, and thus one slowly zig-zags to the apex of the Dartmoor crag. If Mr. Bayes's picture seems full of thought, this one appears composed of accident.

Though one may be vaguely astonished at the presence of this "Pulvis et Umbra" and even Mr. Moira at the Royal Academy, or perhaps not so much astonished as agreeably surprised, one is disagreeably surprised in many other ways. Only after a visit to the Academy can one imagine a nation sunk so low as to allow its

Imprimerie Nationale to publish the collected works of Mr. Nat Gould or Mr. William Le Queux; or a National Theatre which drew its repertoire from the Gaiety or from the Empire. Yet this is what the Academy does with such pictures as "Cocaine" and "The Scrap of Paper." The Academy has tamely allowed itself to become a sort of ante-room to the chromo-lithograph of the Christmas supplement. The artist passes through the Academy to reach sublimer—and more lucrative—heights. This policy inaugurated by Sir John Millais has been productive of wealth for a certain group of artists, but surely it were better for the dignity of British Art if they were forced to seek their diplomas elsewhere.

There is in the manufacturing world a certain class of work which is called "repetition work;" the machine is set, and repeats the same operation time and again, to the degradation of the workman and the stultification of his initiative. It is a pity that no efficient machine has yet been invented which will imitate brush marks sufficiently to deceive, for then several Academicians might take their entire repose, and produce their yearly contributions to the world's Art by turning a handle; they might set their machine, say, at the picture which was sold ten years ago to the Chantrey Bequest, with a screw loosened here or one tightened there to produce the necessary variation, and thus reach an ideal paradise, production without cerebration. It seems hard that owing to the backwardness of our inventors, this ultimate happiness should be denied to such gentlemen as Mr. Cadogan Cowper, Mr. Stanhope Forbes, Mr. Bundy, Mr. J. R. Reid, Mr. Wetherbee, Mr. Gotch and Mr. Spenlove Spenlove.

Save for a bust of M. Anatole France by M. Maurice Favre, the sculpture is negligible. This work, however, is alive and sympathetic, very pleasant in quality, and if it emphasizes too much the humour of M. France and loses his keen-eyed bitterness, it expresses that side of him which most men do appreciate and hides that which they will not love. Or perhaps it emphasizes the fact that a man is bitter because he hopes from humanity too much and not because he loves it too little. The large equestrian portrait of King Albert is a composite work by Mr. Walter Winans and Mr. A. J. Leslie. There is also a bust of Mr. Walter Winans by a Belgian artist in the exhibition. It seems to be a decoration for the centre of a public dinner table, for it is apparently composed of chocolate cream standing upon a rough mass of coffee soufflé. Perhaps it was merely the Belgian's revenge.

J. G.

NOTES ON ART SALES

THE only three-figure prices at Messrs. Christie's sale of pictures and drawings on May 5 were: Corked, by W. Dendy Sadler, £420; Guardi's Bucentoro, 34in. by 50in., £347 10s. (Vickers); H. O'Neill's Home Again, £178 10s.; and a River Scene (water-colour), 11½in. by 17in., by P. de Wint, £152 5s.

The sale held on May 9 at Messrs. Christie's was remarkable for the upward progress of Birket Foster prices, due, it is said, to the demand in the north of England. Twelve drawings in water-colour from the collection of the late R. M. Foster, of Liverpool, sold for £294 each downwards, the sizes being very small, ranging from 6in. to mere vignettes of a few inches in area. An oil picture, The Ford, from the same collection, 66½in. by 40in., realized £588. There were six other water-colour drawings in the miscellaneous part of the catalogue, also very small, which fetched 600 guineas, the average price for the nineteen examples being £170. Mr. Sampson was the purchaser in most cases.

The following prices were paid for drawings by W. M. Turner: Hythe (water-colour), 5½in. by 9in., 645 guineas (Leggatt); Langhorne Castle, from the Ruskin collection, 1,050 guineas (Agnew); New Abbey, Dumfries (vignette), £315 (Agnew); Stamford Market-Place (water-colour), from the Sir John Fowler collection, 1829, 11½in. by 16½in., £1,050 (Sampson). Other prices were: A River Scene by Copley Fielding, £357; Playmates, by Fred Walker, 150 guineas (Leggatt).

Among the oil pictures sold were J. Stark's Near Thorpe Common, £336; W. Shayer's Fisherfolk, £325 10s., and the same artist's Cattle Watering, £168; Mr. Leader's Hayfield, Whittington, £215; and Morning and Evening, a pair, £231 (Sampson); G. Morland's Gipsies' Camp, £262 10s. (Gooden & Fox); Erskine Nicol's Irish Stew, £262 10s. (Gooden & Fox); Pine Woods near Ballater, by Peter Graham, £183 15s. (Sampson); Awaiting the Father's Return, by Ph. Sadée, £294; Seven Sheep in a Pasture, 14in. by 17½in., by T. S. Cooper, £128 (Sampson).

Music

THE ORCHESTRA AND THE PIANOFORTE

MR. ALBERT COATES and Mr. Lamond are the most notable new arrivals of the present musical season. It would be interesting to hear them in collaboration, for they have a good deal in common. Mr. Lamond has been before the public for many years, but he has not played much in this country, and his style of performance has been little influenced by recent developments of music. Yet it is far too great a style to be called old-fashioned. It is as a player of Beethoven, more than of any other composer, that he has won his fame, and his style represents the musical outlook which still feels Beethoven to be the greatest of composers. Last Saturday he played the Beethoven Concerto in E flat and Tchaikovsky's in B flat. They are both works which are thoroughly familiar to all concert-goers—indeed, one would hardly be surprised if one day that pianoforte at the Queen's Hall, like the one in Berlioz's story, were to start playing the Tchaikovsky over and over again by itself. But Mr. Lamond does not think it necessary to startle us with new readings. His performance is sane and straightforward, both in Tchaikovsky and in Beethoven. Mr. Coates has given two concerts, mainly of Beethoven and Tchaikovsky, with the addition of some Wagner. Sane and straightforward, without startling sensations—yet if this were all, what is there to distinguish Mr. Coates and Mr. Lamond from dozens of quite dull conductors and pianists?

Their distinguishing quality is one that lies at the foundation of all music—the sense of singing. It is the sense of *cantabile* and *legato*, both on the pianoforte and in the orchestra—the understanding that the melodic line is the most important thing in all music, not merely in the broad phrases which anybody can recognize as a tune, but wherever one note moves with definite intention to another. It is the sense of melody singly, and the sense of melodies in combination, which is what musicians call counterpoint; and it is the only thing which keeps the stream of music continually flowing at a steady pressure.

The decay of the singing sense is one of the most dangerous tendencies of modern music. We have plenty of well-trained singers, and some singers who are very intelligent musicians; but it is rare to find a singer with a real sense of musical responsibility—I mean a singer who realizes that he must be able to bear by himself the entire burden of the composer's thought, instead of shuffling off as much of it as possible on to the accompanist. And the decay of the singing sense is painfully apparent in our orchestra, and even in our string quartets. There is a tendency everywhere to exaggerate rhythmic accents, to play even the most flowing phrases with a little *sforzando* on every note. As for the places where composers happen to have written short, sharp chords, the style of the moment is to make them so percussive that the orchestra seems to consist entirely of side-drums and cymbals. Whenever the trombones are let loose in the Tchaikovsky concerto, and that is pretty often, the result is a sort of convulsive sneeze. Sir Henry Wood, who conducted for Mr. Lamond, is our worst sinner in this respect. Music in this country owes so huge a debt to Sir Henry Wood that it goes against the grain to find fault with him. That our orchestras are so wonderfully responsive to all conductors, native and foreign, so quick at understanding new music and new ideas, is due in the main to the persevering spadework of Sir Henry Wood during the best part of a generation. But certain habits have grown upon him, as they have grown upon most

musicians of our time. The evil influence that has been at work is that of the pianoforte.

The pianoforte has come to be for most people the normal standard of tone-quality in music. But the pianoforte is, properly speaking, an instrument of percussion, just as much as the kettle-drums are. Its essential characteristic is its power of attack, which gives it a clarity of articulation in delicate and rapid passages unequalled by any other instrument. It is to the credit of modern composers that they have fastened on this essential quality and have written music for the pianoforte which is much more truly pianoforte music, and brings out the best qualities of the instrument much more characteristically and effectively, than the works of the classical masters. But it is a doubtful merit to have turned the orchestra into a gigantic pianoforte. The modern orchestra has increased its numbers mainly in the percussion department, in which I include not only the *glockenspiel*, but the celeste and the harp as well. This, however, is only the beginning of corruption. What is much more significant is the tendency to make the wind and stringed instruments assume the functions of percussion, by the abuse of *pizzicato*, by chattering phrases for muted trumpets and any number of other devices. The devil who has conjured up all these imps of mischief is the skull-and-crossbones fiddler of Saint-Saëns' "Danse Macabre." The wizard's apprentice has set forces moving which he can no longer control, and Dukas's "Apprenti Sorcier" has headed an endless phanta magoria of squeaking and gibbering ghosts, down to Mrs. Bantock's "Pierrot of the Minute" and Mr. Goossens's "Tam o' Shanter." They are often very clever and amusing, and he would be indeed a dull musician who could not

thoroughly enjoy
The pepper when it pleases.

But it is a good thing to be brought back to the solid realities of Mrs. Coates and Mrs. Lamond. It is good to have the overtures to "Tannhauser" and "Meistersinger" played slowly enough to obtain an uninterrupted flow of noble and beautiful tone; it is good to hear the "Pathetic Symphony" played with real dignity and tenderness. But Mr. Coates would do well to shorten his programmes; both of his concerts have lasted well over two hours, and two hours of such very solid playing of very solid music is as much as the ear and mind can absorb with satisfaction. Yet I would not have missed the "Africa" Fantasia of Saint-Saëns, the solo part of which was played by Miss Hilda Dederich with admirable neatness and verve, for it provided a welcome contrast to the self-conscious *longueurs* of "Parsifal." There were moments when Mr. Coates's very deliberate and uncompromising methods rather exposed the hollowness of Wagner's would-be impressive manner.

Mr. Lamond, like Mr. Coates, is a survival of a heroic age—heroic, I mean rather in the sculptor's sense. It is the age of Beethoven and Wagner. Richard Strauss and Busoni belong to an age of the "colossal," both for good and for evil. Busoni's attitude to Beethoven, as indeed to all music, is that the composer never succeeded in writing down all that he wanted to express. It is really an attitude of genuine humility in the presence of genius, but there are few men great enough to interpret to an audience that greatness to which even Beethoven could not give more than tentative expression. Mr. Lamond takes Beethoven as he finds him. If not colossal, he is at least larger than life, and Mr. Lamond plays him in the heroic manner, making him just not too big for human comprehension. It is probably the best way to interpret Beethoven to our modern age. For there is no getting over the fact that Beethoven has finally passed over to the region of the incorporeal classics, though he has been longer in doing so than any other great composer. To earlier generations his music could still

convey something of its original self-torturing anguish. Modern music has found sharper scorpions with which to scourge our emotions. We look to Beethoven now for a serenity of contemplation that stands above our own experiences. It is in that spirit that Mr. Lamond interprets him.

EDWARD J. DENT.

CONCERTS

OF Sir Charles Stanford's latest Violin Sonata, which received its first performance on May 7 at the hands of Miss Murray Lambert and Mr. Hamilton Harty, one can only remark that it is an amiable and harmless little work, precisely fulfilling all reasonable expectation. Its themes are suave, and the treatment of them eminently respectable: in short, a most gentlemanly composition. The performance was moderate, the violinist's intonation being by no means infallible. The programme was completed by Schumann's D minor Sonata and Beethoven's "Kreutzer."

MISS DENNE PARKER, who gave a song recital on May 8, is a young singer with a voice of rare and very individual beauty. She sings everything with superb ease and admirable simplicity. Criticism is at once disarmed and provoked by an *insouciance* that is meted out quite impartially to such strongly contrasted personalities as Parry, Chausson, Ireland, and J. S. Bach: on the whole, one feels that, if only Miss Parker can acquire greater flexibility of method without sacrificing her own style and relapsing into the ordinary studied interpretations of the concert-room, she will become an artist of real distinction. Her original programme was catholic and well chosen; if it had to be curtailed, there were numbers we could have spared better than Poldowski's "Colombine" and Debussy's "Flûte de Pan."

MISS DAISY KENNEDY has made a name for herself as an accomplished violinist, and of her recital on May 10 it is scarcely necessary to say more than that she did herself justice in a well-chosen, if not particularly exciting programme. One point in the arrangement of the programme calls for criticism: the first three numbers were all in the key of D major or its relative minor. This would not have mattered much in the case of modern composers, who quit their tonic earlier and return to it more seldom; but a Handel Sonata, a Bach Suite, and a Paganini Concerto in succession combined to produce a sustained emphasis on this particular tonality of which the listener could not fail to be conscious.

MR. KINGSLEY LARK, who gave a recital on May 12, is a capable and experienced singer with a powerful baritone voice. The songs he chose were not as a rule of the best kind, but they were good specimens of their kind. He was more successful in the dramatic than the purely lyrical numbers—a remark that also applies to Miss Evelyn Arden, who assisted the concert-giver. The novelties produced were not of much interest. Mr. Hamilton Harty was at the piano.

MISS ASTRA DESMOND is a magnificent singer who on Monday evening achieved nothing less than a triumph in a most exacting programme that ranged from Purcell to Poldowski and from Rossini to Manuel de Falla. There were many new or unfamiliar items in the list, of which Pizzetti's "I Pastori" and Moret's "Les Petits" made the strongest impression, the former by its lucid and austere beauty of outline, the latter by the stark grimness of its dramatic power. Both are masterpieces after their kind. Cyril Scott's "Idyllic Phantasy," on the other hand, is just a decadent essay in preciosity; while Goossens's "Lotusland," like his "Westminster—Afternoon," merely shows that he has momentarily forsaken the altar of Stravinsky, and is dithering somewhere midway between those of Debussy and Ravel. Nothing in the evening was more strongly conceived or more finely executed than Purcell's "Mad Bess," with which the concert started.

THREE MELODRAMAS

A MERCIFUL lull this week in the renaissance of the English theatre has provided an excuse for two or three evenings of enjoyment. Indeed, the pleasures were so great as to magnify enormously in prospect the horrors of future Sunday afternoons; for the playgoer who suddenly discovers that one need not necessarily in the theatre be excruciated with boredom or shame is in danger, like a tiger tasting human blood, of deciding to live in future upon nothing but melodrama. Such satisfactions at all events, however deplorable to the serious-minded, are rare enough to deserve examination.

The mature critic of an earlier generation would scarcely deign to recognize as melodramas the detective stories and spy plays of the contemporary London stage. He would consider them emasculated and anæmic; and it would be difficult to object to his applying those adjectives to "The Black Feather," a romance of the Secret Service, by W. A. Tremayne, which is being performed at the Scala Theatre, and attains an inconceivable degree of mildness. Anyone who is feeling brisk and optimistic should be most careful to avoid it; but anyone who is feeling fragmentary, and whose moral has been reduced so low that he is only able to turn over the pages of old volumes of *Punch*, will be soothed and refreshed. "The Black Feather" is far less of a strain upon the intellect than any cinema play; it contains no mystery to worry the audience, no excitement to ruffle it; the characters are unshakably conventional, and their remarks at every moment predestined and foreknown; and the only transient shadow that darkens the horizon is the question whether, in spite of the thinness with which the butter is spread, there will be enough of it to cover the slice. And if these negative virtues are not sufficiently attractive, there remain others: a visible honesty, devoid of all pretentiousness, both in the play and in the performance, a determination on everyone's part to take as much trouble as possible in seeing the thing through, and incidentally some charming acting by Mr. Lewin-Mannerling as the villainous Austrian baron, whose sympathetic dignity as he was led off to execution at the end of the play melted every heart.

A very much less soothing atmosphere surrounds "The Luck of the Navy" at the Garrick. This "play of naval interest," by Clifford Mills, wears its melodrama with a difference. The war, which is carefully excluded from both the other plays in this collection, here flourishes with a decidedly posthumous vigour; and the action is trapped out in speeches about atrocities and aliens and conchies and other reverberations from the past. But at the Garrick, besides allowing these drops of politics to curdle the melodramatic milk, they commit a worse indiscretion. The hero, Mr. Percy Hutchison, is positively so unwise as to laugh at himself, the play, and the convention. The trick of going behind the back of the performance and nudging your audience in the ribs is one of the most familiar and successful in the repertory of the music-hall comedian. But in a music-hall turn illusion is not as a rule an element, whereas in a melodrama illusion of some kind—some queer sort of belief that the events on the stage are "real"—is absolutely essential; and this is what Mr. Hutchison shakes. "Isn't it extraordinary," he says in effect, "how people behave in these melodramas? I'm not really Lieutenant Clive Stanton, you know, but your old friend Percy, Hutchison, pretending to be sentimental and heroic; and just to show you how funny it all is, I'll pile it on twice as thick as they usually do." Mr. Hutchison gets his laugh all right, but everything else is sacrificed to it. The veils have been torn down; the audience, having been taken behind the scenes, has no difficulty in perceiving that Schaffer is not the chief of the German secret service, but only Mr. Edward

O'Neill, that there really isn't any chloroform on the bandkerchief, and that the search-light is only one of the old Garrick limes trying on a naval uniform.

"The House of Peril," at the Queen's Theatre—a play based by Mr. H. A. Vachell on a novel by Mrs. Belloc Lowndes—is a more solid structure than either of the others. The plot, though not ingenious, is worked out with a good deal of care, and the last scene succeeds in being thoroughly exciting. But the great merit of the play lies in the excellence of the acting, in that realistic style which has always subsisted in England side by side with the heroic style that is the ruin of all "serious" plays. In the present instance the excellence is not limited, as it often is, to the "character" parts; Mr. Norman McKinnel and Miss Annie Schletter are a terrifying couple of villains, but Mr. Owen Nares and Miss Emily Brooke deserve quite as much praise for their more difficult business of acting "straight" parts with hardly a trace of staginess. And such staginess as they displayed seemed to be due to weaknesses of production rather than of acting. The conventional restlessness, for instance, in the conversation between the two young men in the last scene but one was seriously damaging to the effect. But on the whole the performance left nothing but the most hopeful impression. If bad plays can be so well acted, why not good ones? With such actors to choose from, there could be no difficulty in the way of the highly creditable performance of, at all events, a Strindberg play. Ibsen ought to be possible with rather more trouble; and by degrees an attempt might be made to evolve a method of dealing with the definitely non-realistic drama. It cannot, one feels, be in the actors that the obstacle lies. But horrid doubts assail one—premonitions of the moment when these unfortunate people hear the dread summons of Shakespeare, visions of Miss Emily Brooke strutting through the Forest of Arden, and of Mr. Owen Nares wailing upon the battlements of Elsinore. No. Let us banish all such dreams, and pray that such melodramas as these may be the summit of their ambition. J. S.

EARLY in 1916 the London Shakespeare League inaugurated a Tribute of Appreciation to Sir Frank Benson. This was completed in 1917, between seven and eight thousand people signing the scroll, and contributing to the substantial gift. The formal presentation, hitherto delayed by the war and by Sir Frank's absence in France, has now been fixed for May 21, at the Holborn Restaurant. There will be a small dinner to Sir Frank and Lady Benson at 7 p.m., followed by a large reception at 8.30 p.m., at which the gift will be presented. Tickets for the dinner and reception, price 10s., or for the reception only, price 3s., may be obtained by enclosing remittance with stamped addressed envelope to Miss Oswald, 129, Adelaide Road, N.W. 3.

THE Committee of the British School at Rome announce that the open examinations for the Rome Scholarships in Architecture, Sculpture and Decorative Painting (offered by the Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851), and for the Henry Jarvis Studentship in Architecture (offered by the Royal Institute of British Architects)—due to be held in 1915, but postponed on account of the war—will be resumed in 1920 under the direction of the Faculties of Art of the British School at Rome. Several important changes have been made in the regulations governing the examinations. Thus the age-limit for the 1920 competitions will be increased to 35 years. The last day for submitting work for the open examinations will be January 31, 1920. The Rome Scholarships, formerly of £200 a year, and tenable for three years, have been increased to £250 a year, and are open to British-born subjects of either sex. The Jarvis Studentship, value £200 per annum and tenable for two years, is limited to students or associates of the Royal Institute of British Architects competing for the Rome Scholarship in Architecture. Full particulars regarding the competitions may be had on application to the Hon. General Secretary, Mr. Evelyn Shaw, at the office of the British School at Rome, 54, Victoria Street, S.W. 1.

Correspondence

MUSIC THE CINDERELLA OF THE ARTS.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Why is music the Cinderella of the arts—at least in this country? Why this cold indifference and cruel neglect for the fairest and most wonderful sister of them all? Who will answer me? Who will dispute my assertion that music is the neglected sister of the arts? If any would do so, let us compare the treatment meted out to music with that meted out to the various branches of literature and pictorial art.

First, literature. For a start, all children are taught to read and write, at the public expense. Further, an attempt is made in the schools to give them a taste for good literature, although those who thrust such indigestible fare as a stiff novel by Scott, with its tedious descriptions, or Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," down the throats of tender babes, show more zeal than discretion. Then there are libraries in nearly all schools nowadays, and all towns of any size have well-stocked free libraries where literature of all kinds may be obtained. For those out of touch with libraries there are the many splendid cheap editions of standard works, such as the "Everyman" series. Finally, there are several million copies of cheap newspapers produced daily or weekly, and there are reading-rooms in every town and village. Thus the public and private enterprise shown on behalf of literature is very great, and a real credit to the country.

Next we will consider the various branches of pictorial art, such as drawing and painting, which are also handsomely treated, if not quite so much so as literature. First, every child in the elementary and secondary schools is taught a little of one or two branches of drawing and painting, whilst there are public schools of art in every town of any size. Besides this, much public money is spent on art galleries; and the public are also brought into touch with the work of the greatest artists through the cheap and really fine reproductions of standard pictures that can now be obtained, as well as by the reproduction of drawings and paintings in newspapers, books, and magazines.

But when we come to music, what do we find? The contrast is startling and inexplicable, except by the admission that we are much less a musical than a literary or artistic race. A little singing is taught in the elementary schools, and apart from this hardly any public money is spent on music. How many municipal orchestras, concerts, or open-air band performances do we find? and where in the whole country is there a publicly-owned concert-hall or opera-house?

You will perhaps say that it is neither possible nor desirable to train musicians in the elementary schools; but that is not what I want. What I want is that the schools should teach children *not* to perform music, but to listen to and appreciate good music. Alas! too many are taught to "perform" and too few to listen. How very many people there are who "perform" music, but yet don't come within ten thousand miles of appreciating what music really is! I myself know nothing of music, and could not attempt to perform a single note on any instrument; but for some years I have been trying to teach myself to know and appreciate good music, with a little success, in spite of the fearful difficulties that have confronted me. It is almost impossible to hear good music performed publicly, and difficult to find anybody who takes any interest in real music. For six months I have been spending six nights a week at a certain club-room in a town which is not my home. I have heard a piano there nearly every night, but have heard nothing but bad music badly played, with the occasional exception, as a rare treat, of hearing fairly good music badly played. I longed for bread, and was given a stone. That is, I longed for music, and was given "Down Texas Way"—or worse.

If you ask me what suggestions I have to offer to remedy matters, this is my reply. Acting upon the simple truth that ninety-nine people out of every hundred can become music-lovers by merely hearing good music repeatedly, I would have in every large school a first-class gramophone or player-piano, or both, with a large stock of records or rolls, ranging from very simple to fairly difficult pieces, of all types, but all good music. With these instruments (which are despised only by snobs and pedants) I would soon teach the children not only

to appreciate and enjoy the best music, but to discriminate between good and bad, and to acquire a dislike for the bad. Don't tell me that this result would not come about, for I know from my own experience that every normal person has latent in him a love of good music which only requires developing by much hearing of music, and, above all, by repeated hearings of the same pieces, a point which is of the greatest importance. You will understand what I mean when I say that the first few times I heard Beethoven's Fifth Symphony I was bored by it, but later on I walked nine miles to hear it performed by an orchestra, and thought it well worth the walk. As I am perhaps the most unmusical person you would find in a long day's march, why should it not be possible to acquire a taste for good music? Ah! you people who think you do not like good, or what you wrongly call "classical" music, you little suspect what worlds of delight are closed to you. Believe me, nothing can so elevate and purify the mind, and bring such complete happiness to humanity, as the music of such men as Beethoven and Mozart. It is for this reason that I think the gramophone and mechanical piano are the finest educational instruments that the world possesses—instruments in which science comes to the aid of art. The natural sequence to the real education which these instruments would give to the children would be an insistent demand for the performance of real music in the picture theatres and music-halls, and for municipal orchestras, concert-halls, and opera-houses. I feel sure it would help to bring about the only kind of revolution to be desired, and that is a moral revolution, without which all others are vain. Ah! if only I could put my theories to the test!

Yours faithfully,

WILLIAM BLATCHFORD.

"THE BIOLOGY OF WAR."

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—The translators of Dr. Nicolai's "Biology of War" are aggrieved because I criticize their work. I had not the original German before me, and relied upon such facts as their admitted insertion of quotations from English poets, together with the remark in their Introduction (to be interpreted in the light of such admissions) that "the present English translation has been simplified as much as possible without doing violence to the author's ideas." The officially admitted fact which the translators deny is "the English use of the flags of neutral countries"—a recognized naval *ruse de guerre*. They say in their footnote to this: "Even Dr. Nicolai does not seem to be above repeating unproved and unprovable statements of the German Press during this war" (p. 172n.). As examples of other footnotes, we may cite the following. Dr. Nicolai remarks that the Englishman's love of country is not of a sort to make him unwilling to travel, and continues: "He has conquered the world, in short, just because for him 'Home, sweet home,' is no longer anything but a romantic idyll." On this they comment: "Dr. Nicolai, like every one else, is entitled to his own opinion. His writing affords much more proof of knowledge of biology than of knowledge of English character, his notions of which seem to be purely theoretical" (p. 232n.). When, however, Dr. Nicolai happens to praise a compatriot of theirs, the translators are no better pleased. He remarks that "Tolstoy, Ibsen and Bernard Shaw have their schools in every country." On this they comment as follows: "Like many foreigners, Professor Nicolai seems to take Mr. Bernard Shaw much more seriously than do most of that dramatist's own fellow-countrymen. Mr. Shaw will of course retort that a prophet has no honour in his own country" (p. 294n.). It seems a pity thus to go out of their way to point out our national inability to appreciate our great men.

Yours, etc.,

THE REVIEWER.

KIPLING REDIVIVUS.

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Mr. Lytton Strachey informs me that in my review of Kipling's verse last week I referred to the "Authorized Version" as the "Revised Version." I meant the Bible published by direction of King James I, and still in use in my childhood. Mr. Strachey says that there is a modern edition called the "Revised Version." I admit and apologize for the error.

Yours, &c., T. S. E.

Foreign Literature

ITALY AND THE RIGHTS OF NATIONALITIES

L'INSEGNAMENTO DI MAZZINI. Da Francesco Ruffini. (Milano Treves, 1 lira.)
GIOBERTI E FICHTE. Da Giuseppe Maggiore. (Milano, Treves, 1 lira.)

EVERY circumstance seemed to point to Italy as the country predestined to give birth to the theory of the rights of nationalities. Though England and the United States have always given it their moral support, their independent position and the fact that the nineteenth century was a period of rapid expansion for the Anglo-Saxon race explain why it never held a leading place in their programmes. As one would expect, the theory was to spring from among the oppressed nationalities themselves. The peoples of Eastern Europe were hardly advanced enough for it to be likely that they would produce any formal justification of their claims as nationalities. Germany and Italy were the only possible places of origin for any such theory. Prussia, however, had been hammered into shape by the iron military discipline of Frederick the Great, and the Napoleonic era was not much more than an interlude in her history which had little effect on the character of her government. If it awakened Germany to a consciousness of her rights as a nation, it did not make her more inclined to respect those of other peoples.

Italy, on the contrary, was an ideal soil for bringing the doctrine of the rights of nationalities to maturity. From the days of the Renaissance she had been enslaved to the foreigner, and one more conquest was merely another link in the normal chain of her history. Napoleonic rule had actually brought her more freedom and unity than she had enjoyed for centuries, as the restoration of the old system by the Congress of Vienna was soon to teach her. Unlike Germany, she was the oppressed who had never been an oppressor. So it is only fitting that she should be the birthplace of Mazzini, whose claims to be the prophet of the rights of nationalities as the one principle upon which a united Europe could be built will not be seriously disputed. He may not have actually originated the idea. Signor Ruffini shows that there is good reason for believing that it first began to take shape in the propaganda literature, and even in the statutes, of the secret societies that were so numerous in South Italy in the early years of last century. Joseph Buchez, indeed, claimed it as his own. But as he was one of the founders of the Carbonari in France it is pretty clear that he derived it from the same source. Hence too its seemingly spontaneous appearance in the works of Romagnosi, Pellegrino Rossi and Mazzini himself; of the jurist Pasquale Mancini and of Louis Napoleon, a Carbonaro and a professed champion of it.

But, as we have said, Mazzini is the prophet of the cause, and now that the Peace Conference is supposed to be rearranging the map of Europe in accordance with the principles he advocated, it is a little surprising that we in England have not during the last few months heard more of his thought on the subject. Like Mr. Bernard Shaw, he was, it is true, no great lover of small nations. He believed that the peace of the world would gain more by their confederation with large ones, and his proposed rearrangement of the map of Europe would cause consternation to-day. But the rights of nationalities was one of the immutable principles of his creed. He declared that internationalism was like giving a man the ladder and taking away the rungs. "The genius that guards the destiny of Italy has ever been wont to pass swiftly from the ideal to the real," he observes, "seeking of old how earth and heaven may be united." This curious combination

of materialism and idealism in the Italian character, to which Mr. Trevelyan has recently drawn attention, is strikingly illustrated by the contrast between the attitude of Italy's representatives at the Conference and the pure Mazzinian idealism that drove her into the arms of the Entente in 1915.

But idealism has from the first been the very life-blood of all Italian thought upon the rights of nationalities. Even Cavour declared that he would unhesitatingly reject the most favourable offers if they violated in the smallest degree the rights of other nations. Mazzini made no claim to being a systematic thinker. Indeed, he had small respect for systems. "Given Mazzini's moral character," it has been said, "his incompleteness and weakness as a thinker formed an essential element in the completeness and strength of the man of action." He made many mistakes. There is now a strong tendency to relegate him to an inferior place as compared with Cavour and Garibaldi in the making of Italy. But he had on occasion the prophet's unerring vision, the power of transcending the weakness of his own reasoning and grasping essential truths. How clearly he foresaw the great war! "Italy and Europe are marching as slowly but surely as the justice of God towards the great final crisis, the great struggle between liberty and despotism." And his scorn of the selfish policy of non-intervention will, we hope, be justified by the terms of the League of Nations. For such a man nationality could only be spiritual in character. Consciousness of nationality was the first essential of nationhood. And though his second essential, the consciousness of a special mission to be carried out for the good of humanity—for Mazzini believed that each nation had such a mission—is obviously open to all kinds of abuse in practice, there was nothing materialistic about Mazzini's interpretation of it. He had little respect for such outward manifestations of nationality as community of territory, race or language. What nation of Europe can seriously base its claims to independence on the ground of purity of race? Was not Alsace, which on all conventional grounds should have been German, nevertheless French to the core? And though the jurist Mancini, who appears to have developed his ideas altogether independently of Mazzini, naturally attaches more importance to the external bonds, he is equally convinced that they are not enough to constitute nationality. For him too there must be the consciousness of nationality, "the consciousness a nation acquires of itself, which enables it to build up itself from within and to put forth outward manifestation of itself."

Gioberti's theory of the primacy of Italy among the nations is equally lofty in its idealism. In his own day Gioberti had considerable influence in Italy, though political events quickly deprived his suggestions of all but academic interest. Outside Italy he is comparatively unknown. Hence Signor Maggiore's vigorously written little book, which contrasts Gioberti's highly idealized conception of nationality with Fichte's typically German view of the State, and above all of the German State, appears at an opportune moment. Gioberti's claims for Italy are as great as those of Fichte for Germany; only Italy's supremacy among the nations is to be an imperialism of the spirit, a dominating of the world through thought. For Gioberti too nationality means no contemplation of past achievements—no "stiamo, amor, a veder la gloria nostra" of Petrarch in ecstasy before Madonna Laura. "To know is to create: better than glorying in the gifts lavishly bestowed by God, a translating of these privileges into spiritual energy." The long story of Italy's wonderful intellectual past from the philosophy of Pythagoras to the art of the Renaissance marks her out as the great creative force of Europe. She can afford to let the barbarians plunder her of what she has created, since her creative power is inexhaustible. The key between East and West, she is,

like Delphi, the very navel of the earth, knitting up within herself all the varied races of Europe. Above all, Italy gave birth to Catholic Christianity. To Gioberti, who was a priest, Catholic and Italian are convertible terms. Catholicism is the inspiring force of his nationality. The attitude of Pius IX and the subsequent course of Italian history shattered Gioberti's Neo-Guelph dream. But his moral ideals were no less high than his political. For him there is but one law for the nation and the individual. He would rather see Italy continue to suffer wrong than do wrong—remain the victim than become the butcher.

Fichte wrote with the same object as Gioberti, namely, to rouse a beaten nation to a consciousness of itself. There is not a little that reminds one of Machiavelli in Fichte. But in the Florentine secretary force was at the service of right, whereas to the German it is an end in itself. In Machiavelli we find "a living force that acts, animated by an inherent idea of justice, which it is to effect." In Fichte the force is degraded to a power of fact, to which justice is a mere tool. Fichte comes nearest to Gioberti in his idea of country as eternity made visible. For Gioberti the Italians are as much a chosen people as are Fichte's Germans—not, however, as having any inherent virtue, but only in so far as they show themselves worthy of God's choice by the use they make of His gifts. Hence, says Signor Maggiore, a time will come when Germany will not be able to say, "Back to Fichte," without a blush. But Gioberti's Italy is the unchanging, ideal Italy, the Italy of the spirit—an Italy to which Italians will always be able to return for encouragement and inspiration.

L. C.-M.

MOROCCO

RABAT, OU LES HEURES MAROCAINES. Par Jérôme et Jean Tharaud. (Paris: Emile-Paul. 4fr. 75.)

IT is difficult for anyone immersed in the horrors of an English spring to pass impartial judgment on a book whose theme is all sunlight and drought and luminous warmth. One closes "Rabat" with a heartfelt, "O to be in Morocco now that May's here!" Perhaps that is all one should demand from a book of this kind—that it should possess enough charm and vividness to evoke in the reader a desire to visit himself the scenes described. "Rabat" possesses this charm: let us be content. It would be foolish to seek in it anything more profound and serious.

Had MM. Tharaud been Wordsworth, they would probably have called this volume "Reflections of a Tourist after a Short Summer Holiday spent in Morocco." But the tourist is an exceptional tourist. He is immensely cultured: he reacts to his holiday environment with a trained literary sensibility. He has an intelligent sympathy for this mysterious Islam with its contradictions and incomprehensibilities. He does his best to understand a religion compounded of puritanical austerity and the most savage, primitive superstition, a religion whose founder could say: "I love three things: women, perfumes and prayer—and above all prayer." He respects the ancient culture and the yet older barbarism. He loves Morocco for its own sake and as it is.

The authors draw the political moral of their appreciation. Morocco must be allowed to develop along its own lines. The French protectorate must protect, not devour—protect the ancient institutions, the life of the people. The absorption of Algeria into the system of an alien body-politic was a mistake. MM. Tharaud are full of praise for the French Governor, General Lyautey, whose conception of the duties of a protecting power is as enlightened as their own.

M. BARBUSSE'S NEW NOVEL

CLARTÉ. Par Henri Barbusse. (Paris: Flammarion. 4fr. 75.)

M. BARBUSSE recently published in the French paper *Le Populaire* an open letter to Gabriele D'Annunzio. The letter was a reply to or a counter-attack against, the Italian writer's imperialist and nationalist propaganda; a plea for internationalism, for humanity as a whole as against sectional interests; a protest against the stupid and unjust traditions that govern the world, a call for revolutionary change. "Clarté" is an amplification of this letter. It protests, not against D'Annunzio alone, but against the whole system that D'Annunzio so brilliantly represents and idealizes. The book is not so much a novel as a piece of political and social propaganda made concrete in the history of an individual life. M. Barbusse is less interested in the story of Simon Paulin than in the moral of universal application which he draws from it.

Simon Paulin is a typical product of twentieth-century civilization. He leads a monotonous and outwardly respectable life as an underpaid clerk in a factory. He attends mass, has a healthy respect for Church and State, for wealth and aristocracy. The less creditable chapters of his life are shrouded in a decent obscurity; he takes good care not to be found out—in a word, a model young citizen. He marries; his salary slowly increases, and with it his respectability. The years pass smoothly by, and he is thirty-five when the war engulfs him along with the rest of the old world. We see him, a conscript soldier among his fellows, crawling, helpless and small and pitiful, through the dirt and the meaningless horror of modern war. Then he is wounded in an assault, and while he is lying with the other wreckage of battle between the lines, the first dawn of the new *clarté* bursts like a vision, like the light of a conversion, on his delirious mind. From the hospital he returns at last to the civilian life of before the war. Everything has changed—or rather it is he who has changed and is looking at the world through different eyes. "J'ai perdu le secret qui complique la vie. Je n'ai plus l'illusion qui déforme et qui cache, cette espèce de bravoure aveugle et irraisonnée qui vous jette d'heure en heure et de jour en jour." Life, he sees, is not complicated: put aside the elaborate make-believe of centuries, and the great fundamental fact of humanity emerges simple and clear. Liberty, equality, fraternity—the motto of France has a meaning: men are alike and equal, and must make themselves free. The old life was complicated by lies and illusions; humanity must sweep them away if it would inaugurate the new. Simon looks at things now with unblinkered eyes. He sees the silliness of aristocracy, the emptiness and untruth of religion, the pervading tyranny of wealth. How meaningless now are the old symbols—flags and crosses and the fancy-dress of uniforms and decorations! The old rhetoric is so much empty noise in his ears. He demands truth always and everywhere: truth instead of illusion, reason instead of blind passion, knowledge instead of ignorance. "Il le faut! Tu ne sauras pas," was the watchword of the old rulers. In future humanity will have to know why.

The minor characters in the book are arranged almost allegorically to show that we must never confuse the individual with the cause he represents. The priest is good and gentle, the internationalist a bestial drunkard.

The war has converted M. Barbusse to the cause of revolution. He puts his case with noble eloquence. We may agree with him or we may not—the French Censor evidently does not, for there are significant blanks in the middle of M. Barbusse's disquisition on patriotism: in any case we must allow him to be earnestly and passionately sincere.

A. L. H.

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class; the second one of the sub-divisions, and so on.

A Committee of Specialists appointed by the Library Association have marked with asterisks those works in the List which they consider most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities.

GENERAL WORKS.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, MAGAZINES, &c.

Buckley (Reginald R.). HOW AND WHAT TO READ: suggestions towards a home library. Williams & Norgate, 1919. 7½ in. 176 pp., 2/6 n. 028.8

The author provides something more ambitious than a mere "guide to the best books." He devotes a number of pages to "System in Selection," and then, dealing with volumes for reference, with books on history, geography and travel, the sciences, social study, religion and philosophy, and other branches of learning or literature, he offers a series of useful lists of works, numerous practical suggestions, and a considerable choice of authors for study.

***The English Catalogue of Books for 1918:** 82nd year of issue. "Publishers' Circular" Co., 1919. 10 in. 274 pp., 10/6 015.42

The output for 1918 was the lowest during the war years, consisting of 6,750 new works and 966 new editions, a total of 7,716. The total for the year before was 8,131; and for 1913, the maximum year, 12,379. It is interesting to compare the American returns, as recently given in the *New York Publishers' Weekly*. There has been a decline, but of a milder kind. The maximum year there, too, was 1913, with a grand total of 12,230. Last year's total was 9,237.

Sheppard (Thomas), ed. BIBLIOGRAPHY: papers and records, relating to the geology and palæontology of the North of England (Yorkshire excepted), published during 1918; compiled and edited by Thomas Sheppard. London, Hull and York, A. Brown & Sons [1919]. 8½ in. 8 pp. paper. 016.55428

A reprint from the *Naturalist* for March and April, 1919.

100 PHILOSOPHY.

Bertram (Arthur). IN DARKEST CHRISTENDOM; AND A WAY OUT OF THE DARKNESS. Allen & Unwin [1919]. 8½ in. 256 pp., 7/6 n. 177

There is real force in much of the author's pungent criticism of our current ideas and practices—religious, political, social, and economic. Mr. Bertram's indictment embraces the scramble for places and honours; that sort of commercial competition which is a mode of warfare; snobbery and hypocrisy; some of the gross superstitions of the present day; and the like. The only way out of the present discontent, says Mr. Bertram, and the one hope of escape from incalculable misery in the future, "is Christ—returning to God by Him"; and this "involves implications much more far-reaching than is imagined by current conceptions of Christianity."

Cadoux (C. John). THE EARLY CHRISTIAN ATTITUDE TO WAR: a contribution to the history of Christian ethics. Headley, 1919. 7½ in. 304 pp. ind., 10/6 n. 172.4

Dr. Cadoux's work is a scholarly epitome of evidence that the early instincts of Christianity were opposed to war. The author does not conceal his own convictions, but is careful to include evidence on the opposite side, and to write in an impartial spirit. He arrives at the conclusion that the Church took a false step when she abandoned her earlier and more rigorous principles. Dr. W. E. Orchard contributes a preface.

Cannan (Gilbert). THE ANATOMY OF SOCIETY. Chapman & Hall, 1919. 7½ in. 212 pp., 5/ n. 177

Mr. Cannan's cloudy excursions into social philosophy are well-meant. He has a gentle mind, and it is safe to say that his utterances will not irritate anybody. Whether this was his aim, and whether a gentle mind is particularly valuable save as a guarantee of the equanimity of its possessor, we cannot say. The fact is that we ourselves prefer tough minds. They anger and stimulate that element in us which slumbers under the caress of Mr. Cannan's commonplaces.

Crawford (W. J.). EXPERIMENTS IN PSYCHICAL SCIENCE. Watkins, 1919. 7½ in. 195 pp. il., 6/ 133.9

Dr. Crawford describes a number of very interesting experiments on table levitation and so on. The experiments were carefully executed, and many of the results are very remarkable, particularly those showing considerable loss of weight on the part of the medium. Nevertheless, Dr. Crawford exhibits an acceptance which, while it may be the result of experience, seems singularly naive at times.

200 RELIGION.

Carvell (Alice Maude). IN JUNGLE DEPTHS: true stories from a missionary's diary. Religious Tract Society, 1919. 7½ in. 132 pp. il., 3/6 n. 275.41

Stories and sketches of missionary life in the Mikir Hills of Assam. The author states that, notwithstanding difficulties and hindrances, the missionaries during the past year have completed the translation of the four Gospels, the Acts, and some of the Epistles. This work is to be printed by the British and Foreign Bible Society and given to the Mikir tribe in the form of a pocket edition.

Jinarajadasa (C.). THEOSOPHY AND RECONSTRUCTION. Adyar, Madras, and London, Theosophical Publishing House, 1919. 7½ in. 186 pp., 2/ 212

The fundamental thought which in these lectures the author endeavours to develop and apply to everything in life is "God our Brother Man"; and he claims for theosophy that it urges each to a never-ending reconstruction from good to better, and from better to best, in oneself, in the circumstances of one's neighbour, and in the well-being of humanity.

***Jones (J. D.).** THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MARK, X. 32—XIII. 37 ("A Devotional Commentary," ed. by the Rev. A. R. Buckland). Religious Tract Society, 1919. 7½ in. 221 pp., 3/ n. 226.3

Dr. Jones's searching commentary upon the oldest of the Synoptic Gospels is characterized by the propriety of its applications to modern conditions of life, and by general breadth of outlook.

Leseur (Elizabeth). A WIFE'S STORY: the journal of Elizabeth Leseur, with an introduction by her husband; tr. from the French by V. M. Burns & Oates [1919]. 8 in. 225 pp. por., 5/ n. 242

Madame Leseur's "Journal et Pensées de Chaque Jour," begun in 1899, and finished in 1914, has had an enormous sale. An affecting portrait of this saintly woman is drawn by her husband, who has filled a gap in her journal with her "Book of Resolutions." The work thus composed is a long series of meditations, resolves, and aspirations expressing that ideal of the spiritual life which seeks complete fruition in personal communion with God.

Money (William Taylor). HIGHER FLIGHTS FOR AIRMEN. Scott, 1919. 6½ in. 36 pp. il. boards, 1/6 n. 265

The chaplain to the 15th Wing Royal Air Force writes in simple phraseology of Confirmation, prayer, and the Holy Communion. The introduction is by Lieutenant-General Sir H. A. Lawrence.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

***Andrews (Irene Osgood) and Hobbs (Margaret A.).** ECONOMIC EFFECTS OF THE WAR UPON WOMEN AND CHILDREN IN GREAT BRITAIN (Carnegie Endowment for International Peace: Division of Economics and History; Preliminary Economic Studies of the War, no. 2). New York, Oxford Univ. Press (Milford), 1918. 10 in. 200 pp. apps., 4/6 n. 396.5

This volume is an impressive and able presentment of the variety, arduousness, and value of British women's activities during the past four years. Though the strain was severe,

and many women and children suffered considerably, there was an amazing development of personality in the women war-workers. A conclusion reached is that on the whole the war will have placed English working-women on a higher plane.

***Carter (Henry).** THE CONTROL OF THE DRINK TRAFFIC : a contribution to national efficiency during the great war, 1915-18 ; preface by Lord d'Abernon. Longmans, 1919. 9 in. 363 pp. il. map, charts, app. ind., 4/6 n. (limp cl., 2/6 n.) 351.761

The first edition appeared in 1918 ; this is the second, and contains a number of important additions. It deals in three main sections with the condition of things before the war, the machinery and working of State control, and the effects. The record is fortified with ample statistics, instructive charts, and maps of the areas in which the results of the restrictions could be observed accurately.

Davidson (Gordon Charles). THE NORTH-WEST COMPANY (Univ. of California Publications in History, 7). Berkeley, Cal., Univ. of California Press, 1918. 9½ in. 360 pp. maps, bibliog. apps. inds. 338.1

The author has not attempted to write a complete history of the North-West Company of Canada, founded in 1783-4, but he utilizes matter not previously published, and gives an account of the early fur trade, the formation of the company, and the rivalry between the North-West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company, as well as of the New North-West Company, better known as the XY Company. The North-West Company was finally merged in the Hudson's Bay Company. The concluding chapter of the book relates to the trade and trading methods of the former association.

***Gephart (William F.).** EFFECTS OF THE WAR UPON INSURANCE, with special reference to the substitution of insurance for pensions (Carnegie Endowment for International Peace : Division of Economics and History ; Preliminary Economic Studies of the War, no. 6). New York, Oxford Univ. Press (Milford), 1918. 10 in. 310 pp. apps. ind., 4/6 n. 368

Professor Gephart, of Washington University, St. Louis, is an authority on his subject, and this study of the plans of life insurance effected by the Governments of Great Britain and the United States, in lieu or anticipation of pensions, is worthy of attentive consideration. So, also, is his opinion that there is no evidence that after the war private insurance companies will find their fields of activity seriously limited by government participation in insurance.

Hobhouse (Stephen). AN ENGLISH PRISON FROM WITHIN. Allen & Unwin, 1919. 7½ in. 36 pp. paper, 1/- n. 365

The experiences of a sensitive, intelligent, sincere Christian who served some twelve months' imprisonment as a conscientious objector. The book will help to disabuse the minds of those who regard our modern prison system as intended to exert a reformatory effect on the prisoner. Mr. Hobhouse shows quite clearly that most of the prison regulations have a morally degrading effect, and his account constitutes an eloquent plea for the reform of our penal institutions.

Housing by Public Utility Societies : the Government Proposals. Local Government Board, April, 1919. 5½ in. 16 pp. paper, 1d. n. 332.32

A booklet explaining how seven or more persons, whether workers, employers in association with workers, or other individuals, may band themselves together for the purpose of promoting housing schemes and obtaining financial assistance from the Government. A State-aided scheme of this character should usefully supplement the work of local authorities, and help materially to reduce the present difficulties in regard to housing accommodation.

***McVey (Frank L.).** THE FINANCIAL HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN, 1914-18 (Carnegie Endowment for International Peace : Division of Economics and History ; Preliminary Economic Studies of the War, no. 7). New York, Oxford Univ. Press (Milford), 1918. 10 in. 107 pp., 4/6 n. 336.42

This study by the President of the University of Kentucky shows that the expense of modern war is "not, after all, a very strong or primary deterrent of conflict," and, furthermore, that the financial strength and resourcefulness of the British Empire are greatly in excess of the anticipations of

pre-war prophets. Another lesson to be gathered from Professor McVey's essay is the vastness of the burden which will have to be borne by the United States.

Moseley (Sydney A.). THE FLEET FROM WITHIN : being the impressions of a R.N.V.R. officer. Sampson Low, 1919. 8 in. 318 pp. por. il. ind. 7/6 n. 359

These impressions of a journalist who was for a few months assistant paymaster on one of H.M. ships hardly justify the title, though the "pukka" naval officer may be amused, especially when he notices that "the majority of these officers had never been on anything larger than a *liner* or a Thames steamer."

***The Public Schools Year-Book :** the official book of reference of the Headmasters' Conference ; thirtieth year of publication, 1919 ; ed. by H. F. W. Deane & Sons, Year-Book Press, 31, Museum Street, W.C.1, 1919. 7½ in. 760 pp. ind., 7/6 n. 373.2

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500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

Lincoln (Azariah T.). TEXTBOOK OF PHYSICAL CHEMISTRY. Harrap [1919]. 7½ in. 547 pp. il. (diags.), app. ind., 12/6 n. 541.3

This book belongs to that class of elementary treatises which presuppose nothing on the part of the student beyond the barest rudiments. It is a good specimen of its kind, and deals patiently and at length with a number of fundamental points. The objections to it apply to all works of this class, and to the general method of elementary science teaching. Should subjects which are not elementary be made elementary ? The sketch of the kinetic theory of gases given here is almost ludicrously inadequate, for example ; but as the student is not assumed to have a fair knowledge of the calculus, but only of elementary algebra, nothing more is possible.

Martin (L. C.). A STUDY ON THE PERFORMANCE OF "NIGHT-GLASSES" (Department of Scientific and Industrial Research : Advisory Council, Bulletin no. 3). Stationery Office, 1919. 7½ in. 42 pp. paper. 535.83

The war has produced a demand for telescopes designed for the observation of objects in a feeble light ; and the author has endeavoured to determine the extent of magnifying power which, for a given size of telescope object-glass and given light-conditions, should be used to yield the best results so far as visibility is concerned.

***A Practical Handbook of British Birds,** part 2, April 30 Witherby, 1919. 8½ in. 64 pp. il. paper, 4/ n. 598.2

The present instalment of this publication so attractive to lovers of birds comprises descriptions of our familiar friend *Passer domesticus*, and of the linnet, chaffinch, redpoll, grosbeak, and other well-known members of the feathered race. The coloured and black-and-white illustrations are all that can be desired.

780 MUSIC.

Harris (Clement Antrobus). THE STORY OF BRITISH MUSIC. Kegan Paul, 1919. 7½ in. 247 pp. app. ind., 2/6 n. 780.942

A history of British music beginning with its origin in the song of British birds, and ending with its culmination in Sir Edward Elgar. The author crowds a great deal of information into a small space, and a useful chronological table is appended. He shows how universal in England was the study and practice of music, and bewails, without being able to explain, the fact that "with Purcell's last breath there passed away unfulfilled the greatest promise England has had . . . of a rational school of composition." Mr. Harris is pathetically eager to say the best he can about recent English music : he records the fact that "eighteen British women have composed works of considerable calibre." Austria's record is only six. Lovers of music who are also patriots will rejoice.

800 LITERATURE.

Baker (Harry T.). THE CONTEMPORARY SHORT STORY: a practical manual. Harrap [1919]. 7½ in. 280 pp., 6/ n. 808.3

First catch your hare: in other words, get an "effective and to some extent original closing scene, and then build the tale upon it." So the author advises the would-be writer of a short story. Hints that are strange to those who have not yet learned to regard literature as a mere trade are supplied on structure, character and plot; different kinds and methods of originality; common faults, and the like. Mr. Baker includes illustrative excerpts from numerous short stories, mostly from American sources. Considerable attention is given to the work of Guy de Maupassant, O. Henry, and Mr. W. W. Jacobs. The last-named receives special praise. Dickens, in Mr. Baker's opinion, did not know how to write a short story.

Eccles (Francis Yvon). LA LIQUIDATION DU ROMANTISME, ET LES DIRECTIONS ACTUELLES DE LA LITTÉRATURE FRANÇAISE: trois conférences faites à Bedford College, Université de Londres, les 17, 20, et 22 Août, 1917. Oxford, University Press, 1919. 9 in. 53 pp. paper, 3/6 n. 840.4

These interesting lectures have to our mind two weaknesses: they are unduly comprehensive, and they are unduly dogmatic. The very title is challenging; it implies the debatable thesis that French romanticism was essentially a "bubble" enterprise, a momentary insanity descended upon the French genius. The thesis is familiar enough to readers of M. Maurras or his disciple M. Lasserre, or of *L'Action Française* and *La Revue Critique*. Mr. Eccles has, we think, done unwisely in adopting their views and methods, brilliant and stimulating though these undoubtedly are. An English critic who possesses such rare gifts as Mr. Eccles is under a double obligation to hold himself aloof from the mixture of political propaganda and literary criticism which is legitimate, if undesirable, in a Frenchman. It is possible, however, that Mr. Eccles's convictions coincide with those of M. Maurras. In that case we submit that the view of French literature of the nineteenth century which he puts forward is partisan and incomplete. It involves, for instance, the almost complete omission of Flaubert. Yet Flaubert is a crucial case. He was a romantic to the bones; he was also the dominant influence in French literature during the second half of the nineteenth century. The truth is that French romanticism was no more an aberration than French classicism. It had many extravagances, but they were no worse than those of the Abbé Delille. The great good in it was made a permanent acquisition by subsequent generations, and has proved to be more valuable than the somewhat sterile *petit bourgeois* "nationalism" of its traducers.

POETRY.

***Bain (F. W.).** AN ECHO OF THE SPHERES: RESCUED FROM OBLIVION. Methuen [1919]. 9 in. 330 pp., 10/6 n. 821.9

Mr. F. W. Bain tells us in his introduction how these poems of his mother's were rescued from the oblivion to which her modesty had, all undeservedly, destined them. They are the log-book of a rich and varied emotional life. Spontaneous expressions of genuine emotions—their merit lies in their unaffectedness and simplicity. A professional poet would have avoided some of the feeblenesses of form and expression with which these pieces are marred: they are characteristically the work of an amateur of poetry, both in their merits and their defects.

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The writer of these "Poems and Rhymes" was killed at twenty-two. That he had the promise of talent in him is evident from such a poem as "On the Wings of the Morning," a description of a flight in an aeroplane, from which we quote a stanza:

The engine stops: a pleasant silence reigns—
Silence not broken, but intensified
By the soft, sleepy wires' insistent strains,
That rise and fall, as with a sweeping glide
I slither down the well-oiled sides of space
Towards a lower, less enchanted place.

Flying is evidently a lyrical process. What poems Shelley would have written if he had had, instead of Alastor's slowly gliding boat, an aeroplane to carry him rushing through the heavens!

***Eden (Helen Parry).** THE RHYME OF THE SERVANTS OF MARY. Burns & Oates [1919]. 5½ in. 30 pp. front. paper, 1/ n. 821.9

It is very difficult to say exactly why "The Rhyme of the Servants of Mary" is so pleasing; but pleasing it is, and in its odd way truly poetical. Miss Eden's simplicity is not the affected lisp of certain of our Georgians: it is the clear expression of clear thoughts. Take, for instance, this stanza:

When bad King John in dangerous days of old
Ruled over England in his surly fashion,
Baiting both Jews and Christians for their gold,
Biting the rushes on the floor for passion,
There was no rock his rancour did not dash on—
He braved the barons, cowed the common herd
And plagued that great Pope, Innocent the Third.

This is absurd, but it is also, somehow, poetry. "Where are the daisies Catholic Chaucer plucked?" Miss Eden asks. (By the way, was Chaucer as Catholic as all that?) They are here, in her poem, full of freshness and very delightful.

Gurney (Ivor). WAR'S EMBERS; and other verses. Sidgwick & Jackson, 1919. 7½ in. 94 pp. boards, 3/ n. 821.9

Like many other war poets, Mr. Gurney derives his inspiration from a profound homesickness, among the filth and loquacity of the trenches, for the beauty of his native shire. The curious historian of the future will enumerate all the pleasant English places of which these exiles have sung. The anthology of their poems of homesickness would be almost a new "Polyolbion." Mr. Gurney sings pleasantly enough of the country things he loves: pleasantly—but one is never profoundly stirred by his verses. "After Music" and "The Plain" are perhaps the best and most passionate expression of the mud-bound soldier's craving for beauty.

Jones (Stockton). THE EARLY PIONEER. Melbourne, Byrne & McCubbin [1919]. 10 in. 32 pp. paper, 2/6. 821.9

The pioneer writes his autobiography in engaging colloquial verse, the homeliness of which may be forgiven for the sake of his patriotism—of the Australian bush.

Mann (Captain A. J.). BALKAN FANCIES; and other poems. Black, 1919. 6 in. 80 pp., 2/6n. 821.9

Though obsessed with many tags—of prose and verse—Captain Mann fails to poetize his thoughts and impressions, or even to versify them in a way to satisfy the ear. Some of his vignettes of things seen on the Balkan front are vivid, nevertheless.

Midnight Musings: being some impressions in verse of a practical idealist; by S. L. L. Stock, 1919. 7½ in. 95 pp. paper, 2/ n. 821.9

S. L. L. evidently knows a lot of poetry by heart. His mind is stored with words and phrases and rhythms which come pouring out when he begins to write, so that his verse recalls in turn almost all the great classics one has ever read.

Come, fond Imagination, come and take
My soul into thy keeping sure and safe,
Where neither idle tongues nor dissolute men,
Nor envy, strife nor poverty can then
Shatter with impious wiles my languid frame.

What richly Miltonic associations lurk in that last line! And his ode "On seeing Mr. Sant's Picture—'The Soul's Awakening,'" opens thus:

That face
Radiant with Truth's first dawn!

The authentic accent of Vaughan!

FICTION.

Cable (George W.). THE FLOWER OF THE CHAPDELAINES. Collins [1919]. 8 in. 362 pp., 7/ n.

The author depicts Creole society in the old quarter of New Orleans, where the heroine and her aunts are members of a coterie into which a young American attorney obtains an introduction. The lawyer falls in love at first sight with the handsome Creole. Much of the tale is told in two manuscripts which, by the long arm of coincidence, were written years before by the heroine's grandmother and the lawyer's

and many women and children suffered considerably, there was an amazing development of personality in the women war-workers. A conclusion reached is that on the whole the war will have placed English working-women on a higher plane.

***Carter (Henry).** THE CONTROL OF THE DRINK TRAFFIC : a contribution to national efficiency during the great war, 1915-18 ; preface by Lord d'Abernon. Longmans, 1919. 9 in. 363 pp. il. map, charts, app. ind., 4/6 n. (limp cl., 2/6 n.) 351.761

The first edition appeared in 1918 ; this is the second, and contains a number of important additions. It deals in three main sections with the condition of things before the war, the machinery and working of State control, and the effects. The record is fortified with ample statistics, instructive charts, and maps of the areas in which the results of the restrictions could be observed accurately.

Davidson (Gordon Charles). THE NORTH-WEST COMPANY (Univ. of California Publications in History, 7). Berkeley, Cal., Univ. of California Press, 1918. 9½ in. 360 pp. maps, bibliog. apps. inds. 338.1

The author has not attempted to write a complete history of the North-West Company of Canada, founded in 1783-4, but he utilizes matter not previously published, and gives an account of the early fur trade, the formation of the company, and the rivalry between the North-West Company and the Hudson's Bay Company, as well as of the New North-West Company, better known as the XY Company. The North-West Company was finally merged in the Hudson's Bay Company. The concluding chapter of the book relates to the trade and trading methods of the former association.

***Gephart (William F.).** EFFECTS OF THE WAR UPON INSURANCE, with special reference to the substitution of insurance for pensions (Carnegie Endowment for International Peace : Division of Economics and History ; Preliminary Economic Studies of the War, no. 6). New York, Oxford Univ. Press (Milford), 1918. 10 in. 310 pp. apps. ind., 4/6 n. 368

Professor Gephart, of Washington University, St. Louis, is an authority on his subject, and this study of the plans of life insurance effected by the Governments of Great Britain and the United States, in lieu or anticipation of pensions, is worthy of attentive consideration. So, also, is his opinion that there is no evidence that after the war private insurance companies will find their fields of activity seriously limited by government participation in insurance.

Hobhouse (Stephen). AN ENGLISH PRISON FROM WITHIN. Allen & Unwin, 1919. 7½ in. 36 pp. paper, 1/- n. 365

The experiences of a sensitive, intelligent, sincere Christian who served some twelve months' imprisonment as a conscientious objector. The book will help to disabuse the minds of those who regard our modern prison system as intended to exert a reformatory effect on the prisoner. Mr. Hobhouse shows quite clearly that most of the prison regulations have a morally degrading effect, and his account constitutes an eloquent plea for the reform of our penal institutions.

Housing by Public Utility Societies : the Government Proposals. Local Government Board, April, 1919. 5½ in. 16 pp. paper, 1d. n. 332.32

A booklet explaining how seven or more persons, whether workers, employers in association with workers, or other individuals, may band themselves together for the purpose of promoting housing schemes and obtaining financial assistance from the Government. A State-aided scheme of this character should usefully supplement the work of local authorities, and help materially to reduce the present difficulties in regard to housing accommodation.

***McVey (Frank L.).** THE FINANCIAL HISTORY OF GREAT BRITAIN, 1914-18 (Carnegie Endowment for International Peace : Division of Economics and History ; Preliminary Economic Studies of the War, no. 7). New York, Oxford Univ. Press (Milford), 1918. 10 in. 107 pp., 4/6 n. 336.42

This study by the President of the University of Kentucky shows that the expense of modern war is "not, after all, a very strong or primary deterrent of conflict," and, furthermore, that the financial strength and resourcefulness of the British Empire are greatly in excess of the anticipations of

pre-war prophets. Another lesson to be gathered from Professor McVey's essay is the vastness of the burden which will have to be borne by the United States.

Moseley (Sydney A.). THE FLEET FROM WITHIN : being the impressions of a R.N.V.R. officer. Sampson Low, 1919. 8 in. 318 pp. por. il. ind. 7/6 n. 359

These impressions of a journalist who was for a few months assistant paymaster on one of H.M. ships hardly justify the title, though the "pukka" naval officer may be amused, especially when he notices that "the majority of these officers had never been on anything larger than a liner or a Thames steamer."

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POETRY.

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FICTION.

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The author depicts Creole society in the old quarter of New Orleans, where the heroine and her aunts are members of a coterie into which a young American attorney obtains an introduction. The lawyer falls in love at first sight with the handsome Creole. Much of the tale is told in two manuscripts which, by the long arm of coincidence, were written years before by the heroine's grandmother and the lawyer's

uncle. These documents, which are the best parts of the book, describe the escape of a family of negro slaves. The story is somewhat disconnected, and the characters are inclined to be lifeless.

Cannan (Gilbert). *PINK ROSES.* Fisher Unwin, 1919. 8 in. 284 pp., 7/6 n.

Trevor Mathers, a wealthy young man studying law in London, is rejected by the Army on account of his heart. He finds himself cut off from his boon companions, one of whom is killed and the other maimed for life; and to seek consolation, distraction and sympathy, he buys a little fox-terrier pup and falls in love with the young girl of the town. Mr. Cannan describes a year of this *ménage*, and how at the end of it the young man gives the pup away and throws up the lady in favour of a young girl with grey eyes whom he longs to introduce to his mother.

Davignon (Henri). *THE TWO CROSSINGS OF MADGE SWALUE;* English version by Tita Brand Cammaerts. Lane [1919]. 7½ in. 238 pp., 5/ n.

A simple love-story of an Englishwoman of good birth who marries a great-hearted young bourgeois of Bruges. The wife cannot accustom herself to Flemish social life, and the two decide to live in England. When the war begins, Jean Swalue returns home, and gives his life for Belgium. The widow, with much difficulty, goes back to Bruges, so that Jean's child may be born on Flemish soil.

Norris (Kathleen). *JOSSELYN'S WIFE.* Murray, 1919. 7½ in. 342 pp., 7/ n.

The heroine is a girl of simple origin who is happily married; but the husband has a youthful stepmother between whom and the heroine there is nothing in common. Friction and estrangement arise; and misfortune comes in the shape of a false accusation of the husband, who is believed to have committed a murder. The story, which is ingenious and readable, is set chiefly in America.

Raine (William MacLeod). *THE SHERIFF'S SON.* Melrose, 1919. 7½ in. 320 pp., 6/ n.

A story of the "Wild West," of the type dear to lovers of "films." Vengeance, shootings, encounters with horse-thieves, and animated incidents of ranch life in the seventies, help to make up an exciting tale.

Sackville-West (V.). *HERITAGE.* Collins [1919]. 8 in. 250 pp., 6/ n.

"Heritage" is a Mendelian romance—the tale of how a Spanish ancestor jumps from recession to dominance and back again in the character of a Sussex farmer's daughter. It is her Spanish passion which makes Ruth Pennistan, in the teeth of her real dislike for him, marry her wild scapegrace of a cousin. With the Sussex side of her character she loves the quiet middle-aged Englishman who tells the story. Miss Sackville-West is to be congratulated on a dramatic and well-constructed first novel.

Silberrad (Una L.). *GREEN PASTURES.* Hutchinson [1919]. 7½ in. 256 pp., 6/9 n.

An historical romance. The hero has great personal beauty and an indescribable charm, but his soul is, as it were, "latent." By passing for some time under a false name he rises in the moral scale, and eventually wins a soul and a wife. Seeing that he was such a superb swordsman, it is a pity there are not more fights in the book; his gift is largely wasted. The style is bright and crisp enough, and the book is a good specimen of its kind.

Spielmann (Mrs. Mabel Henrietta). *THE STERNDALLES OF STERNDAL HOUSE.* Chatto & Windus, 1919. 8 in. 326 pp., 7/ n.

Though constructed on old-fashioned lines, this history of the strange occurrences in the lives of two generations of Sterndalles—a Liverpool family—contains some sincere work and sound characterization.

Tynan (Katharine). *THE MAN FROM AUSTRALIA.* Collins, 1919. 7½ in. 258 pp., 6/ n.

A gently sentimental story of which the setting is a village in the West of Ireland. The plot is a little mechanical, but certain of the more obvious characteristics of the decayed Irish gentleman are pleasantly sketched. Occasional snatches of peasant conversation are also obviously taken from the life. The chief interest of the story is, indeed, its setting.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

Coles (C. E.), Pasha. *RECOLLECTIONS AND REFLECTIONS.* St. Catherine Press [1919]. 9 in. 226 pp. il. por. ind., 8/6 n.

Coles Pasha started official life in India in 1872. Transferred after a few years to Egypt, he passed the rest of his career in the police service and as Inspector-General of Prisons. He tells interesting stories of Lord Cromer and Lord Kitchener, and of the astute Nubar Pasha, who summed up the English in these words: "L'Anglais est très naïf, mais lorsqu'on pense qu'on l'a trompé, tout d'un coup il se tourne et vous donne un terrible coup de pied quelque part." We are informed that Kitchener distinguished himself in the police service by inventing a portable gallows of the highest ingenuity. In the last chapters of his book Coles Pasha draws the political moral of his long experience, and makes some very practical comments on the Montagu-Chelmsford Report.

Digby (Kenelm Henry).

Holland (Bernard). *MEMOIR OF KENELM HENRY DIGBY.* Longmans, 1919. 9 in. 260 pp., 12/6 n.

Kenelm Digby's romantic affection for chivalry and the picturesque splendours of the past led him, logically enough, to embrace the faith which was the soul of his beloved Middle Ages. He was a forerunner in Cambridge of the Oxford Movement, the Newman of the rival University. Two dozen volumes of his somewhat turgid "poetical" prose exist (they can hardly be said to survive), as well as a quantity of verse which makes no claim to the epithet. Mr. Holland's picture of this old Romantic who outlived his period is a pleasant one, though perhaps a little overloaded with details of too exclusively Catholic interest. It may, however, be a matter of satisfaction to Cambridge men to learn from him that their University produced only 346 converts in the last 50 years of the nineteenth century to Oxford's 586 during the same period.

Fox (George).

Brayshaw (A. Neave). *THE PERSONALITY OF GEORGE FOX.* (Yorkshire 1905 Committee) Hedley, 1919. 8½ in. 104 pp. bibliog. apps. ind. paper, 6d. n.

Many of the pilgrims to George Fox's solitary grave in Roscoe Street, Bunhill Row, must have wished to possess a brief but intelligent and well-informed account of his life and character. In Mr. Brayshaw's sketch we have just what is wanted. It embodies more matter than some far more ambitious biographies we have seen of notable personages. George Fox's sincerity, fervour, persistence, and extraordinary courage (he suffered for conscience' sake eight imprisonments, "some of them attended with shocking cruelty"); his trances and visions, early spiritual longings, temperate and judicious manner of living, trenchant preaching and solemnity in prayer; his personal appearance and dignified demeanour; and his exemplary relations with his wife, are skilfully and plainly described. George Fox was "of no great literature," but his want of worldly learning was counterbalanced by a wealth of Scriptural and natural knowledge. He was zealous in reforming abuses, and bore great love to children and the poor. He was a man worthy remembrance.

Holland (Henry Scott).

Cheshire (Christopher), ed. *HENRY SCOTT HOLLAND: some appreciations.* Wells Gardner & Darton, 1919. 6½ in. 96 pp. bibliog., 2/6 n.

Excepting the Bishop of Winchester, who sketches Dr. Holland's personality as a whole, each contributor to this garland is concerned with a separate aspect of a many-sided character. Dr. Gore writes of Holland as a theologian; Canon Donaldson discusses his relations with Labour; Mr. Walter de la Mare, in one of the shortest but most charming papers, regards him from the choir boys' point of view; and the Dean of Christ Church deals with Holland's work as Regius Professor of Divinity at Oxford.

Redmond (John).

***Wells (Warre B.).** *JOHN REDMOND: a biography.* Nisbet [1919]. 9 in. 216 pp. por. ind., 8/6 n.

History rather than mere biography is the staple of this thoughtful study of the Irish statesman's career and of recent Irish politics; it contains little of the gossip and anecdote of the ordinary memoir. That career was a paradox and a

tragedy. Redmond strove by constitutional means to win self-government for Ireland; he brought that mission to the eve of success; "and simultaneously he found the whole basis of the constitutional claim largely repudiated by the Irish people."

930-990 HISTORY.

Cottafavi (Vittorio). ALLA RISCOSSA! Milano, Treves. 7½ in. 153 pp., 2 lire. 945.08

A collection of patriotic speeches by a major and a Deputy. Four of the six, largely historical in character, and concerned chiefly with Italy's struggle for freedom against Austria, were lectures to pupils at military schools. Another was delivered at the unveiling of a monument to the fallen in the cemetery at Parma.

Dawson (William Harbutt). THE EVOLUTION OF MODERN GERMANY; revised edition. Fisher Unwin, [1919], 9 in. 444 pp. ind. 21/ n. 943.084

In the present edition of this valuable book the chapters have been subjected to such revision as has been practicable at a period of transition in the fortunes of Germany. The author refrains from expressing fixed opinions upon "questions which are still, and may long remain, *sub judice*." Special attention has been given to the completion of statistical data.

Laun (Rudolf) and Lange (I.). CZECHO-SLOVAK CLAIMS ON GERMAN TERRITORY. The Hague, Nijhoff, 1919. 9 in. 26 pp. maps, paper. 943.7

The third edition of this pamphlet. The authors traverse the claims of the Czecho-Slovaks to German territory. On page 25 it is declared that the overwhelming majority of Germans in Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia persistently decline a union with the Czecho-Slovak state. "Should force prevail against such will of the people, then the so founded Czecho-Slovak imperium will be wrecked in the same manner as the imperium of the Magyars over the non-Magyar nations of Hungary."

Munier-Jolain (J.). LE CARDINAL COLLIER: lettres et prophéties de Marie-Thérèse: l'embûche autrichienne. Paris, Payot, 1918. 7½ in. 238 pp. app. paper, 4fr. 50. 944.035

M. Munier-Jolain reopens to some purpose the tenebrous history of the Queen's necklace, which marked the moral bankruptcy of the *ancien régime*. In his interesting essay he investigates the character of Louis de Rohan, and brings forward a strong case for reconsidering the traditional verdict upon that curious Cardinal-Prince. M. Munier-Jolain finds his conduct consistent and subtle, pursued under the mask of irresponsible libertinage with the sole object of re-establishing the power of the Rohan family at court. To this end he conducted his famous embassy at Vienna (1772-4), when he conciliated the friendship of Joseph II. and Kaunitz, and discovered the duplicity of the Austrian policy with regard to Poland. The necklace affair in this context becomes a deliberate, skilful and successful attempt to undermine the position of *l'Autrichienne*—an attempt in which the Cardinal's private aims happened to coincide with the national sentiment of France. The essay is remarkably lucid and concise.

The Relations between China and Japan during the last Twenty-five Years. (China National Defence League in Europe) Allen & Unwin [1919]. 7½ in. 16 pp. paper, 3d. n. 951-952

It is stated in this pamphlet that the policy of the Japanese Government has been to concentrate Japanese emigrants in the region of Manchuria and Mongolia, which would serve as a *point d'appui* for further penetration into the interior of Eastern Asia; that the "Continental Policy" of Japan is a menace to the integrity and independence of China; and that the relations between the two powers will be a "permanent source of disturbance for the world peace unless the present grievances of China against Japan are satisfactorily redressed at the Peace Conference."

Scholefield (Guy H.). THE PACIFIC, ITS PAST AND FUTURE; AND THE POLICY OF THE GREAT POWERS FROM THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. Murray, 1919. 9 in. 358 pp. maps, ind., 15/ n. 996

Mr. Scholefield's careful summary of facts relating to the colonization of Polynesia brings out very clearly the backwardness and hesitancy which were characteristic of British policy

in the "Great South Sea" from 1788 until the closing decades of the nineteenth century. The official classes at first had no desire for colonies better than penal settlements. Over and over again the British Government discouraged colonizing enterprise, and declined to assume the responsibility of governing native peoples who wished to be British subjects. This negative and at times feeble policy was followed in Tahiti, New Guinea, Samoa, and elsewhere. Not until 1874 was sovereignty proclaimed over Fiji, after protracted opposition by the Colonial Office, which in the nineteenth century, according to the author, failed to recognize the colonizing capacity and the "irrepressible overseas enterprise of the British people." German trading interests in the Pacific, dating from the fifties of last century, gradually "dragged Bismarck into a colonial policy, and eventually into conflict with Great Britain." The German merchant venturers were active and persistent. They sent out to their trading stations young men who could speak French and English as well as German, and this gave them "a great advantage in the trade of the Western Pacific." By 1905 it had, the author considers, become clear that the policy of Germany was directed "towards the one object of ousting British trade from the Pacific." Other subjects of far-reaching importance are dealt with, such as the relations of the British Dominions in the Pacific with China and Japan, the means adopted to avert the stream of Chinese emigrant labour, and the "Asiatic Menace." Mr. Scholefield insists that the English language should be taught in all schools in the British possessions. His book is illuminative and opportune.

Wylie (James Hamilton). THE REIGN OF HENRY THE FIFTH: vol. 2, 1415, 1416. Cambridge, Univ. Press, 1919. 10 in. 514 pp. ind., 30/ n. 942.042

See review, p. 329.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

Briantchaninoff (A. N.). QUO VADIS, EUROPA? (1, Sept préluces en paroles à des symphonies de demain). Copenhagen, G. C. Ursin, 1918. 8 in. 135 pp. paper, 5 fr. 940.9

The author of these vaticinations believes that a critical date for the future of humanity will be the autumn of 1919, when, if the forces of true democracy in all countries, the "White International," do not combine, the "Red International," that is the Socialists who aim at class domination by the workers, will put the whole fabric of civilization in danger, as the Bolsheviks have done in Russia. He writes in a declamatory style.

Dalton (Hugh). WITH BRITISH GUNS IN ITALY. Methuen, 1919. 7½ in. 285 pp., 8/6 n. 940.9

A British soldier's account of his experiences with a British battery attached to the Italian army. The writer is an ardent supporter of Anglo-Italian unity, which he regards as having been cemented by the war. The book contains several dramatic incidents, of which the most interesting is, of course, the Italian defeat at Caporetto; but the author has a somewhat flat way of describing these things, and for that reason the book seems a little too long.

Pushing Water ("On Active Service Series"); by R.N.V. Lane, 1919. 7½ in. 143 pp., 4/ n. 940.9

The author suggests that, when called upon for experiences in the war, those who took part in the Auxiliary Motor-Boat Patrol will be able to ejaculate nothing more than "Pushing Water!" Nevertheless, R.N.V. has produced a readable book, lightened by flashes of humour, and descriptive of some of the very important services performed by the "Movies" (as the patrol boats are familiarly called).

J. CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Abbott (Jane). KEINETH; il. by Harriet Roosevelt Richards. Lippincott [1918]. 7½ in. 253 pp. bds., 5/ n. J.F.813.5

An attractive story of an American twelve-year-old girl who keeps a secret for a year during her father's absence on war service.

Old-fashioned Rhymes for New-fashioned Times: a collection of verses; by Gran. Stockwell [1919]. 7½ in. 16 pp. paper, 1/ n. J.821.9

Gran knows how to write for children: she is simple and pithy, and the moral of her little tales is the wit of a modest epigram.

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